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ON THE LANGUAGE OF BEASTS.

MUCH has been said and much has been written upon the question, whether beasts are endowed with the faculty of communition, or in other words, whether they possess a language.

This subject has not hitherto been philosophically enough treated. As we allow understanding to brutes, this comes but little short of granting them the use of speech also, and of furnishing us with their dictionary.—Their discourses have been handed down to us in an exact resemblance to those which travellers have given us of some savage nations. Here truth has been intermixed with abundance of falsehood. Let us endeavour to make the separation.

When we enquire whether beasts have a language, it will be necessary carefully to distinguish two sorts of languages—the natural and the artificial. In the first sort should be ranged all the signs the animal gives for knowing what passes within him. But if we will confine ourselves to sounds only, the natural language will be an assemblage of inarticulate sounds, uniform in all the individuals of the same species; and so connected with the sentiments they express, that the same sound never represents two opposite sentiments. Artificial language, on the contrary, will be a collection of articulate and arbitrary sounds, which have no other affinity with the ideas they represent than what instruction or convention gives them; insomuch, that the same sound may be a sign of very different and even opposite ideas. Artificial language is properly what we term speech. Man is the only animal that speaks, and this admirable prerogative gives him dominion over all other animals. By means of speech he presides over all Nature, ascends to its Divine author, contemplates, adores, and obeys him: by speech he acquires the knowledge of himself, becomes acquainted with the beings that surround him, and converts them to his use. He is enabled to say, "Myself," to judge of his relations, conform himself to them, and thereby augment his happiness. By speech he becomes a truly sociable being; and those societies he forms, he governs by laws which he creates, changes, or modifies, as times, places, and circumstances admit.

ON THE LANGUAGE OF BEASTS.

The brute being limited to natural language, is ignorant of every thing except his necessities, and the objects which may gratify him: but a multitude of sensations are connected with these various necessities, and have all, or almost all of them, their natural signs. The species of the signs, their number, use, the order in which they succeed, the manner in which they are varied and combined, constitute the genius of the language of the different animals, and furnish the naturalist with an inexhaustible source of curious observations, ingenious researches, and interesting particulars: but if he would avoid error, he will not draw from this plentiful source, without the assistance of sound logic. The observations that prove that brutes have a natural language, are very numerous. We shall only be embarrassed by the number of them. We will not restrain this language to sounds; we will join with it all those signs by which the brute expresses what he feels. It is not necessary to go farther for studying this language; a poultry-yard is the school where we may be the best instructed in it. Let us listen with an attentive ear to domestic animals, and take them for our teachers. We will follow this hen that is quitting her chickens. Has she found any thing, she calls them to partake of it: they hear, and hasten to her immediately. Have they just now lost sight of this beloved parent? their plaintive cries expressively denote trouble. Observe also the different cries of the cock, when a man or a dog enters the yard; when he discovers a hawk or any other object that affrights him; or lastly, when he calls his hens together, or answers them. What mean these scornful sounds uttered by the Turkey-hen? Behold her young ones hide themselves, and crouch the same moment. One would imagine they were dead. Their mother looks towards the sky, and redoubles her lamentations. What does she there discern? A black speck, that we are hardly able to distinguish, which is a bird of prey, that could not elude the vigilance and penetration of this parent, so deeply instructed by Nature. The enemy disappears; the hen gives a joyful shout, the alarm ceases, the little ones arise, and you now see them all collected round their mother, and enjoying their pleasures.—Let us observe ducks, when they are inclined to take the water. Does it not seem as though they agreed among themselves, by reiterated noddings of the head, analogous to those we make use of, when we express our approbation?—The cat, by his various mewings, signifies to his master his wants, to his female his love, and to his rival his anger. Hear the female cat, that solicits her young to quit the garret where they were brought up, and to go down to the lower apartments, in order to partake with her the advantages of this new abode. Observe her likewise playing with them. She has lately caught a mouse; she calls them; they run to her voice. She releases to them the living prey, and teaches them to sport with it. What harmony in their play! what vivacity, what variety in their motions! what expressiveness in their gestures, in their distortions, in their attitudes! what a display of mind in all this! Pardon me this expression, which my logic would in vain reject.

The language of the dog, the most expressive of all, is so various, so copious, and so rich, that it would of itself furnish a large vocabulary. Who can remain insensible of the method by which this faithful domestic testifies the excessive joy he feels at the return of his master? He leaps, dances, goes from, and returns to him, moves rapidly and with gracefulness round his beloved master, stops suddenly in the midst of his career, looks at him with eyes full of tenderness, licks him, resumes his course, disappears, re-appears the next moment, to lay something at his feet, gesticulates, barks, and declares to all present his happiness; his joy bursts forth in a thousand different anticks, and a thousand different ways; he can no longer contain himself, but redoubles his barking. One would think he was going to speak. But what difference between the tone he now uses, and that he will assume in the night-time, when, placed as a centinel at the door of the dwelling, he espies a thief! How

different also is this last from that which he utters at the sight of a wolf! Follow this dog to the chace; what expression in all his motions, and particularly in those of his tail! What discreet ardour, what regularity, what sagacity, what obedience to the huntsman! What art does he employ to cause himself to be heard, to modify in a suitable manner his allurements, to diversify his indications! A hare is started; the cry of the dog succeeds; and who can mistake the redoubled sounds he then echoes forth?—I walk by the side of a wood: I hear two birds answering each other; I see them gradually approach; I perceive they are two goldfinches. After having hopped some time from bough to bough, I perceive they place themselves together, begin to bill, and proceed to little amorous enticements: their caresses are redoubled. Nothing can be more expressive. The happy couple unite. The male warbles in a low tone; the female hears him, and answers him by intervals. They are now to separate no more, and both labour in concert to build the nest appointed to receive the fruit of their amours. This being completed, the female has laid, and she sits on her eggs. The male attends her, and seems to endeavour to charm, by his melodious accents, the irksomeness of incubation. The young are hatched; both parents jointly provide for their education, and take care of them by turns. I hear them calling for food. They have received it, and are quiet.—I hunt with a bird-call, and make use of an owl for that purpose. A swallow perceives it, cries, and flutters for some time around the mournful bird, and disappears. In the space of a quarter of an hour I see squadrons of swallows flocking to him, which oblige me to abandon the chase.—Did the first swallow, then, go and sound the alarm?

I enter the city: I hear a dog barking very loud, and almost without interruption. Other dogs presently join him, and all of them continue to bark incessantly. I enquire into the cause of their being thus assembled as a pack of hunters: I discover a man, clothed in a kind of uniform, leaning on a staff. This man is one of the officers appointed by the police to poison and destroy the dogs at a certain time of the year. These animals know it, and return him war for war.

If we descend from the superior species to such as are of an inferior class, and stop awhile to consider insects, we shall find that some of them are not unskilful in the manner of describing their little passions, and expressing their pleasures and necessities.—The amours of spiders, demoiselles or dancing-birds, and butterflies, would present us with many striking marks that would leave us no room to doubt that the male and female have a method of understanding each other, which is indeed a very expressive one. Their cunning pastime, various turns, and little wiles prove to us that they are not novices in that language which all thinking beings possess, more or less, and whose signs are almost always equivocal. We should see the male solicit, for a long time, by his sports, his caresses, his constancy, those favours which seem to be only denied to him at first in order the more strongly to excite his passions and desires. We should observe the queen bee prostitute herself to the drones, triumph over their indolence by her repeated allurements, occasion the death of him she shall have thus overcome, endeavour by her caresses to restore him to life, and continue faithful to him even after death. Would not the prepossession and assiduities of the neuters towards this queen, so necessary to the community, the kind of homage they pay her, contribute also greatly to swell the bulk of a dictionary of insects?

As soon as we are become in a small degree acquainted with the admirable composition of the organ of the voice of man, and also of that of quadrupeds and birds, we shall not so much as question whether such organs were given them for the purpose of making sounds, and modifying them. The imagination is almost bewildered at the sight of such a prodigious number and variety of parts as compose the structure of these wonderful organs, that are at the same time wind and string instruments. These instruments

ON THE LANGUAGE OF BEASTS.

are so aptly formed as to render sounds peculiar to the species; so that if any one should blow into the trachea of a sheep, or a dead cock, we should imagine that we heard the voice of the animal itself. The grasshopper would furnish us with wonders of this kind, which we should not expect to meet with among insects. Were we not to limit the word voice to that air which is modified by the tendinous fibres of the glottis, and the other parts of the larynx, the grasshopper would have a voice, and the organ of this voice would appear almost as admirable as that of the voice of quadrupeds and birds. Let us not resist the inclination we have of entering into a detail so calculated to convince us that the most minute productions of Nature are the work of that adorable mind which is so conspicuously displayed, as well in the little as in the great. The grasshopper is a kind of ventriloquous creature: the organ of his voice is seated in the belly. The male only sings; the female is mute; and it is probable the music of the male is not displeasing to her. On the belly of the latter are two scaly plates, which are nearly circular, connected on one side by ligaments, and movable on the other. They may be raised up; and to prevent that to too great a degree, they are withheld by two little pegs. If we lift up these plates, we are immediately struck with the apparatus they unfold, and cannot but acknowledge there is a determinate end in the formation of them, analogous to that we so clearly discover in a larynx or glottis. We at first perceive a great cavity, that is agreeably bordered in its upper circumference, and divided into two lodges by a triangular piece: at the bottom of each lodge there is a kind of mirror of the finest polish, which being viewed obliquely, shews all the colours of the rainbow. These seem to be two glass windows, through which one may discern the interior part of the animal; but these windows have each of them a shutter, that commonly covers them, which is one of those scaly plates abovementioned. Beneath each shutter there is a little prop that supports it, and prevents its sinking too deep into the cavity.

You have already had descriptions of many of the parts employed for enabling the grasshopper to sing; yet these are only the outward parts of an organ, whose inward and really essential ones we shall now proceed to give a description of. Besides the lodges adorned with mirrors, there are two little entrenchments in the great cavity, which are lined with a very elastic membrane, regularly furrowed, and destined to perform the functions of the tympanum. This has occasioned these instruments to be called the drums, or tympana, of the grasshoppers. If a feather be drawn over the skin of these tympana, the grasshopper will be made to sing; and the same will happen in a grasshopper that has been long dead, as well as in a living one. The furrows or regular folds of the elastic membrane are so many little sonorous instruments, which have each their peculiar sound. The air being agitated and modified by these instruments, afterwards resounds in the lodges, where it is likewise modified by the different parts contained in them, in like manner as it is modified in quadrupeds, and even by the cavities of the mouth and nose. Two great muscles, formed from the union of a prodigious number of straight fibres, are appointed to put in motion the sonorous furrows, which is the immediate cause of a cry that seems to be so grating to our ears. We are astonished that nature should put herself to such great expence to produce it; she has been at a much greater, in effecting the braying of the ass; and with respect both to one and the other, I think there was no necessity for her to consult our ear. But the organ of the voice supposes an organ relative to that of hearing. Has the grasshopper then, ears? Does the male agreeably entertain those of the female? Or does he please himself with his song, or at least with the exercise it occasions him? We know nothing positive concerning this. The seat of hearing is not easily discoverable in insects; doubtless all are not deprived of it. The lizard and frog have ears, and they are nearly allied to insects. Similar or analogous organs have been so diversified in the animal kingdom, that it might not be thought strange were we to see the ears of insects an

hundred times, without being able to know them. Besides, we ought not to forget that Nature frequently makes use of the same instrument for various ends. Does not the tongue of a muscle serve her, at the same time, for arms, legs, and an instrument for spinning? Animals that are produced and live in society, that labour as it were in concert on the same work, are such to which language seems to be necessary. In effect, being called to form only one and the same family, mutually to comfort each other in their necessities, and to assist one another in their labour, what means could be devised more suitable than this, to answer such a destination? We have likewise observed some particularities among animals which seem to prove that they hear. We have seen that monkies, when on guard, give their companions, by a whistle, the signal for flight. Beavers have a signal analogous to this; they strike with violence on the water with their tail, and are all of them warned thereby to provide for their safety. There are a thousand instances which would be tedious and unnecessary to enumerate. But may we conclude from hence, that the works which these animals build in common, are in like manner directed in a language peculiar to them? It seems there is no need, in this case, to have recourse to such a method. A comparison will set my thought in a clear light.

Fifty architects are assembled in the same place, to work together in the construction of an edifice. They are incapable of speaking to each other; are all dumb from their birth, but all of them have before their eyes a plan of the edifice, and have received the same disopositions, and the same instruments for executing it. They are all endowed with the same talents, and the same degree of understanding. The same ideas that are in the head of one, are equally found in the heads of the rest; so that all of them judge and act uniformly in each particular case, and always in a determinate relation to this case. The materials which some of them have collected, the others apply to the work; the part which the first has begun, the second proceeds with; a third and fourth finish and perfect. There is no contradiction, no diversity of sentiments, and no confusion in their mode of acting; because the ideas, will, and means are precisely the same in all. Will this suffice to represent to us what passes in the republics of ants, bees, beavers, &c?

Be this as it may, we cannot admit but brutes have a natural language: a hundred and a hundred observations concur to confirm it. They not only inform us of what they experience, but we are also enabled to govern them as we please, by the mere help of the voice. Certain sounds which have frequently entered their ears, and have always struck them under such circumstances as are proper for making a strong impression on the brain, have been deeply engraven there; insomuch, that on hearing these sounds repeated, the idea of the thing or action annexed to them occurs to them immediately, &c. The method of training up domestic animals, and that whereby wild animals are tamed, furnish numberless examples of this. The vulgar imagine that brutes are taught to speak: they are not aware, that to speak is to connect our ideas with arbitary signs that represent them.

The phrases which the parrot repeats with so much exactness do not prove that he has any ideas annexed to the words he pronounces: he could pronounce equally well the terms of the most abstracted sciences. Who does not see that this is an exercise automatical? If we have been able to teach some domestic animals to distinguish the characters of the alphabet, to join them together, to compose words of them, to mix colours, match them, &c. all these facts, and a hundred others of the same kind, that astonish the vulgar, barely prove that the brain of animals is capable of forming associations of sensible ideas. This is evident in the most perfect degree. In printing the word God, can the animal have the same ideas that this word produces in the head of the printer? Brutes neither have, nor can have, any other than particular or purely sensible ideas. It is impossible for them to rise to our universal ideas; the reason is, because they have not the gift of speech.

They do not generalize their ideas; they form no intellectual abstractions. The subject is confounded by them with its attributes; or rather, with respect to them there is neither subject nor attributes. Beings are only known to them by some sensible qualities. All their comparisons, all their judgments rest immediately on these qualities. Brutes do not reason, to speak exactly; they have not our *mesue* ideas, because they have not our signs. When, therefore, they appear to reason, they only compare or call to mind certain sensible ideas, from whence results such or such a motion, or such an action. The more in number and variety the ideas which are compared or recollected are, the more brutes seem to reason. This however never amounts to more than an appearance, which cannot deceive such as have philosophy enough in their minds to analyse this motion or action, and ascend to the principle. Grant to beavers the use of speech: do you think they would externally adhere to their rough architecture? Being then endued with the faculty of generalizing their models, they would diversify their performances as much as their organs would permit them. Their attention displaying itself with fresh force, would cause them to discover things that escape the present reach of their knowledge. These discoveries would lead to others; those to others still; and at the end of a certain number of generations beavers, would be on a level with our architects. But this is not a proper place for fathoming this metaphysical subject, and shewing to what extent speech perfects all our faculties. It is sufficient for us to have pointed out the principal source of those mistakes that are so generally committed concerning the operations of brutes. The mistake is much greater still, when we ascribe to them all our views and all our foresight. I will not, however, deny that there are some facts of this class that astonish us, that seize violently on our admiration, and that would be capable of seducing the philosopher himself, were he not continually on his guard.

THE PHŒNOMENA OF ARATUS THE SOLENIAN:

Translated from the original Greek by THOMAS NOBLE, *Author of "Blackheath," a Poem, &c.*

Cum Sole et Lunâ semper ARATUS erit.
OVID. AMOR. V. Eleg. 15.

To the Reader.

THERE needs no apology, in the present day, for introducing Science into a work particularly devoted to the embellishments of fancy, and the delights of the imagination. It is only necessary to clothe knowledge with the ornaments of Taste, to secure her admission into the most splendid circles. Philosophy hath found her way, in modern times, into the *boudoir* of Beauty; and Gallantry, which cannot soar beyond the orbit of the *Georgium Sidus*, must, in this enlightened age, be frequently condemned to Pythagorean silence.

It was at an era when Science had become interwoven with the polite manners of Greece, that Aratus, a native of Soloë in Cilicia, wrote his astronomical poem, which was received with enthusiasm amid the refined circles of Athenian elegance, and was every where regarded as the oracle of scientific taste. When the voluptuous city of Athens fell under the dominion of Antigonus Gonatas, king of Macedon, this poem procured for its author the respect and estimation of the conqueror, and was regarded by him as one of the means of increasing the attractions of his court. It became the fa-

shion to recite the description of the celestial constellations, and concave ceilings were emblazoned with the heavenly figures, and inscribed with the verses of Aratus. Nor had this ceased to be the custom when, fifty years afterwards, the greatest men of Rome sought for science amid the luxuries of the Grecian cities. Cicero brought the poem of Aratus to Rome, and employed his leisure to introduce it, in his own language, to the attention of the Roman people. Its reputation was extended, and to translate it into Latin became the polite amusement of every tasteful scholar. Ladies worked the starry forms in gold and silver on the most costly hangings, and princes of the imperial families employed their morning hours in transcribing and re-translating it, and in selecting comments on it from the fables of mythology. A Latin translation of this poem, besides part of the version of Cicero, is still extant, and is attributed by the critics to Germanicus Cæsar and to Domitian. "Heinsius tells us that his uncle, Johannes Rutgersius was of opinion that the *Aratea* of Cæsar Germanicus, which is extant, was the production of Domitian Germanicus, and not of that Germanicus, the son of Drusus, to whom Ovid dedicates his Fasti; and adds, that he recollects having seen a very ancient copy of the *Aratea* at Paris, in which that poem was ascribed to Domitian Cæsar. The opening of the *Aratea* certainly supports this opinion. The poet addresses his father in a manner more suitable to Vespasian (after the general pacification of the Roman Empire) than either to Drusus, or to Tiberius who adopted Cæsar Germanicus. As a specimen of the Imperial poet's claim to those praises bestowed on him, I shall here insert the commencement of the *Aratea*, which is far from being inelegant.

Ab Jove principium magno deduxit Aratus
Carminis, et nobis genitor tu maximus autor:
Te veneror, tibi sacra fero; doctique laboris
Primitias; probat ipse deûm rectorque satorque.
Quantum etenim possint anni certissima signa,
Quà sol ardentem cancrum rapidissimus ambit,
Diversasque secat metas gelidi Capricorni:
Quæve Aries et Libra æquant divortia lucis.
Si non parta quies, te præside, puppibus æquor,
Cultorique daret terras, procul arva silerent:
Nunc vocat audaces in cœlum tollere vultus,
Sideraque et varias cœli cognoscere motus:
Navita quid caveat, quid vitet doctus arator
Quando ratem ventis, aut credat semina terris.
Hæc ego dum lætis conor prædicere Musis
Pax tua, tuque adsis nato, numenque secundes."

I flatter myself that the following translation will afford both pleasure and instruction. The sense and manner of the original are, I believe, generally preserved; and if I may venture to judge according to my own idea, of the utility of possessing poetic pictures so intimately connected with the interesting study of astronomy, I need not doubt of a favourable reception from the tasteful and discriminating classes of polished society. The notes which are added are intended to explain the fables which anciently attached to the figures of the constellations: they will therefore assume a scientific interest in addition to the incidents which they narrate. Extracts will occasionally be found from the works of modern astronomers; and the whole, if it does no more, will certainly engage the young pupil in astronomy to read the "starry heavens," with attentive pleasure, and thereby facilitate the acquirement of that discrimination in the survey of the skies which, though one of the first, is frequently one of the most disheartening steps of the astronomical student.

THOS. NOBLE.

The Phænomena of Aratus the Solensian.

* Whatever is, began to be from Jove:
Life's but a spark of his creative love:

* The commencement of this poem recals many passages of Scripture to our recollection. The deity of Aratus is certainly

PHŒNOMENA OF ARATUS.

For me, I will not cease to speak his praise,
And with his wonders animate my lays.
Where'er the earth by human feet is trod,
There, silent, moves the all-pervasive GOD:
His presence fills the towns where man resorts—
The distant ocean—the expected ports.
Whate'er our life, from him that life we trace;
He gave and holds th' existence of our race.
Benevolent, to man his care inclines,
And marks each season with resplendent signs:
His monitory radiance o'er their plains
To genial toil incites the cheerful swains:
'Tis *he* directs what time the fruitful field
May to the spade or labouring ploughshare yield;—
From *him* rude hinds successful seasons know
To plant their vineyards, and their furrows sow.
Fix'd by the hand of Jove, these signs arise:
He into constellations parts the skies;
While thro' each portion of the sever'd year
Ordain'd by *him* peculiar stars appear.

Thus wayward man diurnal duty learns,
And thus the promis'd harvest-time discerns,
And, summon'd by their morn and evening rays,
Chaunts with full voice their great Creator's praise.
Hail, SIRE! the wonder and the bliss of man!
Hail, awful source whence all that is began!
And hail, ye Muses! harmony divine!
Yon stars, that 'mid the vault etherial shine,
Are my vast theme:—if just what I implore,
Through my rude verse your sacred descant pour.
Those thousands stars irradiate on high,
And those that brighten in another sky,
They all through Heaven their course diurnal roll,
And keep their endless order round the pole.
Yet stedfast still and unresolv'd remains
The constant *axis** which the whole sustains;
Straight through mid-earth its mighty line extends,
And in two *poles* amid the concave ends:
One pole unseen beneath the ocean lies;
Its opposite illumes the northern skies.

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very far superior to the *Jupiter* of the heathens, and seems to have astonished some of his Roman commentators. They generally interpret this passage of the Greek astronomer as addresssed to *the Air*. *Jupiter*, say they, is an appellation for the air and the sky, and is here properly invoked, since the stars are placed in those etherial regions. Besides (they continue) as sound is nothing more than a percussion of the air, it is here justly said, that "every way is replete with Jove, and also every assembly of mankind. Nothing on earth is without air, and every thing that breathes renders its utility manifest—we live *in* air and *by* air."—This sort of reasoning did not satisfy the more enlightened, who perceived in these lines an invocation to an immortal and omnipotent Being, or at least an illustration of that doctrine of an all-pervasive and creative spirit which many sects of philosophers had admitted into their doctrines. This address is undoubtedly explicit and elegant; yet while it promulgates ideas superior to those expressed by most heathen poets, it displays a tendency to astrology and augury. The sublimity of the poet rather elevates than destroys the prejudices of the Grecian. The whole is, however, grand and interesting, and the change in the address, from Jove to the Muses, is peculiarly happy. The epithet which Aratus applies to the Muses is μειλίχιαι μάλα πᾶσαι —"*all exquisitely melodious.*" This, therefore, alludes rather to the sweetness of tone characteristic of poetic diction, than to that *harmony of the spheres* which some commentators have thought so necessary to the subject.

* The opinions of the ancients concerning the form and position of the earth were various in various periods: but whatever might have been the ideas of the ignorant, we find that the most learned had, before the time of Ptolemy, considered the earth to be of a spherical form. Without entering into the variety of notions which were fabricated, supported, and rejected by those

Ο ΔΡΑΚΩΝ
ΑΙ ΑΡΚΤΟΙ

PHŒNOMENA OF ARATUS.

This, two enormous forms of BEARS * surround,
T'wards the fix'd poles their shaggy backs are found:
(Some in these stars depict a lab'ring team,
To some a plough's more perfect form they seem,)
Inverted, with terrific mein, they move
By turns below the pole, by turns above:
Still, t'wards each other's horrid loins, is spread
The beamy radiance of each fearful head;
While upward turn'd (incredible!) they roll,
Hurl'd by their shaggy shoulders, round the pole.

(To be continued.)

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who, while they desired knowledge, possessed very imperfect means of information, we shall confine ourselves to the following translation from Σφαιρα Προκλου, which will sufficiently illucidate the passage in the text:—"The line about which the world revolves, and by which the dimensions of its sphere are determined, is called *the axis of the world;* the extremities, or vertices, of the axis, are called *the poles of the world.* Of these, one is called the *North pole,* and the other the *South pole.* The *North pole* is always apparent in that region which we inhabit: the *South pole,* on the contrary, is always hidden beneath our horizon. There are, nevertheless, places on the earth where that pole which is always apparent to us is never visible, while that which is ever concealed from us is, to the inhabitants of those places, always manifest. There are, moreover, places to be found on the earth that have both the poles at equal distances in their horizons."

* The constellation of the GREAT BEAR, or URSA MAJOR, is said by modern astronomers to consist of 215 stars; to which the discoveries of the telescope have sometimes added more. These, distributed according to their magnitudes, are,

1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th
none	6	5	35	58	91	20

The ancients reckoned but twenty-four; and even so lately as the middle of the seventeenth century, the observations of astronomers had increased this number to twenty-seven only. A Roman commentator on Aratus thus points out the position of the stars which compose this constellation:—"Seven are diversely placed about the head; on each shoulder one, very obscure: on the fore leg two; on the chest one; on the fore foot two, moderately bright; at the root of the tail one, very clear; on the loins one, clear; on the hinder leg two; on the farthest foot two; on the tail three."—The star at the root of the tail is called *Aliath.* The most conspicuous stars of this constellation are the three on the tail, and the four in the hinder part of the body. These seven present the form of a *plough* very accurately, when the constellation is below the pole, and are not unlike a *waggon* without wheels, when they are seen reversed above the pole, —Hence the names of the *Plough,* and *Charles's Wain,* by which these stars are known to husbandmen and mariners. Those two stars which stand foremost, in the shape of the *plough,* are called the *pointers,* because a right line drawn through them, and continued towards the pole, would very nearly pass through the *Pole Star,* which is the last star in the tail of the *Lesser Bear.*

URSA MINOR, or the *Lesser Bear,* is composed of twenty-four stars, according to the discoveries of modern astronomy: these are—four of the third magnitude—three of the fourth—five of the fifth—six of the sixth—and six of the seventh. Of these, two in the front of the body are called *Custodes,* and one at the end of the tail is called *the Pole Star.* This is about four degrees distant from the real *Polar Point,* which it nevertheless serves to determine. The ancients reckoned no more than seven stars in this constellation. The two Bears were known to the Greeks by the name of *Helice* and *Cynosura.*

ON THE SUPPOSED DEGENERACY OF THE AGE.

To the Editor of Le Beau Monde.

SIR,

A VERY able writer in one of the best modern periodical digests of the politics, literature, and manners of the age, (I allude to *The Weekly Register and Political Magazine*, published every Saturday evening, by *W. A. Kentish*, at No. 23, Brydges-street, Govent Garden,) has, in the first and third number of that popular work, thrown out some hints tending to confute the prevailing opinion about the degeneracy of the present times, which coincide so much with the ideas I had some time ago embodied in a short essay read to a provincial Literary Society, that I am tempted to offer you the same for insertion in your highly interesting Monthly Register, if you think it worthy of the attention of your numerous readers.

D. B.

Count d'Asumar, an old Spanish nobleman, dining with Don Gonzales, Gil Blas's master, the conversation turned at first upon a bull feast, which had been celebrated a few days before; and as the gentlemen who had shown the greatest vigour and address were named, the old count, like another Nestor, who, from talking of the present, always took occasion to praise the past, said, with a sigh:—"Alas! I see no men now a-days comparable to those I have known, and the tournaments are not performed with half the magnificence they were when I was a young man!"—And when the desert was set upon the table, seeing some fine peaches served up, he observed:—"In my time, peaches were much larger than they are at present. Nature degenerates every day."—"At that rate," said Don Gonzales, smiling, "the peaches of Adam's time must have been wonderfully large."

Dr. Jarrold, a Physician of Manchester, treading in Count Asumar's steps, has lately revived the opinion that our ancestors were better and stronger than we are, and that their descendants have degenerated in size and morals.—"At that rate," would Don Gonzales say, "Cain and Abel must have been thirty feet high, and the earth will soon be covered with pigmies!"

In every rank, in every situation of life, mankind at all times have manifested the same inclination to censure the present and to praise the past. Every moment we hear the complaint of the degeneracy of the age confidently repeated; and it has been remarked, that in each of the wars in which Europe has been engaged for centuries past, the pulpits have resounded with the seven vials of wrath being poured out upon the contending nations for their degeneracy.

But is this complaint founded? and supposing it groundless, what disposes men to urge it, and what is its tendency?

That the remark of mankind's degeneracy has been made in all, even the most remote ages, is the very circumstance which ought to induce us to adopt it with caution. Above eighteen hundred years ago a Roman bard, in a poetic enthusiasm, exclaimed:

> More vicious than their fathers' age,
> Our sires begot the present race
> Of manners, impious, bold, and base;
> And yet, with crimes to us unknown,
> Our sons shall mark the coming age their own."

Now, supposing for a moment that this degenerating process had not taken place before Horace's time, as we are at a distance of at least fifty-four generations from the reign of Augustus, it would follow that having passed fifty-four times through the Alembic, we have of course imbibed the very quintessence of corruption, and must be at present by fifty-four degrees more vicious than the Romans of the Augustan age.

Although this mode of meeting the question could not be deemed altogether unphi-

losophical, in opposition to the system of uninterrupted, general, and invariable degeneracy applied to the whole world; yet it is not my intention to dwell upon it, because such an absurd system will probably not find any defenders. I rather consider the complaint that we are degenerated as having first been uttered in our days; and I ask—Are we really worse than our fathers? In the pulpit, at the bar, in the councils of nations, on the stage, in the busy haunts of men, and in the sequestered grove of the pretended moralist, wherever I apply for an answer, I hear the melancholy assertion, that we are more vicious than our ancestors.

But is this the fact? I think not. To support this supposition of degeneracy, it would be necessary to prove that the atmosphere of human opinions is now more clouded by ignorance, error, and supperstition than in the preceding age. Who will attempt this proof? Or will he, who admits that we have improved upon the many useful discoveries of our fathers, contend that, in proportion as knowledge is diffused, the understanding is not polished, the heart is not humanized, and the manners are not refined?

However, from this obvious propagation of knowledge I don't mean to infer we are not prone to vice and folly, but only that our vices and follies are, upon the whole, of a lighter complexion, and less injurious to mankind, and to the true interests of society. Avarice, for instance, was the predominant passion of our forefathers—we are censured for being prodigal. An assumed gravity, bordering on hypocrisy, concealed our fathers' real opinions—we avow ours more freely, and are accused of libertinism. Reverence and awe, next to fear, were exacted from us when children—we are contented with the love and confidence of our offspring. Many of us have probably smarted under the rod and cane—the instructors of our children, for using more gentle means, are accused of weakness. Calumny presided at our grandmothers' parties—our wives have recourse to amusements which, if not improperly expensive, exercise the faculties of the mind, and afford an innocent recreation. The kitchen and the pantry were the only places in which young women were allowed to display their acquirements—the conversation of our daughters, their harps, and their harpsichords, enliven our leisure. Conviviality was limited to festivals, weddings, and family rejoicings, on which occasions every excess was indulged in; a stiff formality opened those meetings, and they frequently ended in quarrels and riots—our social intercourse is improved; we meet our friends often, and with less ceremony, and are guilty of fewer excesses. Habits of sobriety and temperance daily gain more ground. Luxury, which does not half the mischief that is laid to its charge, has augmented the comforts of our dwellings, and improved the accommodations of life. We are more happy at home. Witches no longer disturb our fire sides; no ghost troubles our midnight repose. Superstition has disappeared. The gloomy tenets of Methodism will ultimately restore true religion to its native purity and benign effulgence. A more extensive benevolence adorns the age. Rudeness and stern severity in the treatment of inmates and servants are less complained of. Brutality, the unavoidable effect of ignorance, has given way to milder dispositions. The slavish respect paid to grandeur and wealth is gradually abating. Talents and good morals are less disregarded. Unfairness is not so much practised in trade, and the spirit of over-reaching is counteracted by the increasing abhorrence of meanness and low cunning.

This sketch, it will be said, is too flattering for the present age. I know that it admits of numberless exceptions. But do not we dwell too much on those exceptions? May not the totality of mankind be gradually improving, and yet the number of the vicious and depraved be very considerable? The habitual good qualities of most men are never recorded.

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen," and the general horror which the villain's deed excites is a proof of the rectitude of the greater number. How few the instances of absolute villainy, when compared

with the increasing population of an extensive country? Besides, the crimes which are recorded in the registers of the time do not all proceed from habitual villainy. Some arise from the sudden impulse of the moment; others must be imputed to a defect in our laws, in our punishments. Heaven forbid that I should be the advocate of guilt! But the estimate of virtues and vices, in a philosophical point of view, admits nothing but what is habitual. Great crimes are not the criterion by which we are to estimate the manners of the age. It is in the daily transactions of men, in their conduct towards their equals and inferiors, in the propensities which they indulge, in the errors to which they are repeatedly liable, in their recovering from faults and correcting evil habits, in their attention to the duties of their situation, in the employment of their vacant hours, in their pleasures and amusements, that we must seek for data to pronounce on their worth. History rarely attends to all this. It scarcely ever mentions those,

"Who keep the noiseless tenor of their way."

Neither have I ransacked history to form the judgment I have hazarded on the subject. I have purposely confined myself to the present times, compared with those that have immediately preceded them. Weaknesses and follies I know to be inseparable from human nature; and when I contend, that far from being worse, we are rather better than our fathers, I do not assert that we are good; but without adhering either to *Godwin's* conjecture, that the nature of man may be improved to absolute perfection in body and mind; or to *Condorcet's* system, which is entirely to banish vice and misery from the earth, I fully believe in man's gradual improvement in society. Demonstrative evidence is impossible. Admitting, therefore, that the charge of degeneracy brought against the present age stands unsupported, I shall now search for the probable sources of the prevailing disposition to impute more depravity to the age in which we live, than to that which is past.

The old adage, *speak well of the dead*, in recommending a delicacy which certainly ought to be observed in the presence of the relations of a deceased person, has introduced a kind of superstitious regard for those who are no more. Even in the best critical journals we often find it observed, that the rigour of criticism is disarmed at the view of a posthumous publication. This kind of superstitious homage is, perhaps, a remnant of the custom which anciently prevailed in some countries, that a corpse was never buried till some one appeared and spoke in praise of the deceased; which custom was carried so far, that after the death of a usurer, who by his extortions had made himself universally hated, a barber was at last induced to pronounce his funeral oration, and to praise him for having had a beard easy to shave. Our modern biographies, in particular, are generally infested with this superstition. In the lives of conspicuous men, virtues are magnified, and vices rarely mentioned, or slightly touched upon. The very reverse takes place with cotemporaries. Ever attentive to their weaknesses, we prey upon their actions in order to find something to blame. Their failings are published, exaggerated; their virtues unnoticed, or obscured by malicious insinuations. This, no doubt, is one of the causes which lead the generality of mankind to suppose that those who preceded have therefore excelled them.

Another cause may be traced in the force of first impressions. At an early period, when we are unable to form any judgment, from the want of opportunities to make comparisons, the superiority which our parents have over us, in point of experience and maturity of understanding, excites a sentiment of respect which throws a veil over their failings; and gratitude for the care they take of our preservation gives them credit for virtues which they do not possess. Afterwards, when we leave the parental roof, and mix with strangers who are less attentive to our well-being, we grow quick-sighted to the faults of men. But often, before we return home, Death has snatched away the objects of our early veneration. We remember their goodness, but their frailties we have not had time to perceive

Hence we are induced to believe, that they were better men than those with whom we are surrounded. Amiable illusion, no doubt; but being an illusion, it ought to be combated by the enquirer after truth. The same prejudice, it has been observed, influences our judgment with respect to the fine arts. We are scarcely ever satisfied with a new performer in an old part. The actors we saw in our youth have taken such a strong hold of our affections, that we are apt to think every deviation from their manner erroneous. If we admire Kemble, old folks reply—You have not seen Garrick; and let an actress of equal or even superior merit arise after Mrs. Siddons, every one of us will make a similar remark to his children.

Egotism appears to me a third and powerful incitement to decry the manners of the age. Crowds fill the road on which we intend to advance. Elbowed to the right and left, we grow jealous of our competitors. Envy, the basest offspring of selfishness, renders us unjust to their merits; but the interest which we had in detracting from their worth vanishes with them. When they throw any obstacles in our way, our repugnance to do them justice ceases. We are even the more lavish in our praises, in proportion as we are more benefited by their decease. Hence, perhaps, the exaggerated encomiums which the new members of Royal Academies bestow on those whose seats they are taking.

Vanity likewise disposes us to rail at the present. To have heard the Siren song, of a supposed better race, gives us a kind of consequence. We flatter ourselves that no one will refuse to allow that we have caught at least some portion of those virtues and manners, the extinction of which we so feelingly lament.

Indolence, and want of reflection, may also lead us to repeat the complaint of degeneracy, without examination: it is so easy to declaim against the encreasing dissipation and growing depravity of the age. Words flow in abundance on so copious a subject. Many indigent country parishioners are surfited with admonitions against the rapid progress of luxury, though hardly able to maintain their families with their scanty earnings.—"When I was at Stanraer, I went to the kirk," said Foote, once, "where the parson was declaiming most furiously against luxury; and as Heaven shall judge me, there was not a pair of shoes in the whole congregation."

Even in the councils of the nation the thoughtless and idle are ever ready, indiscriminately, to adopt the prejudice of superior wisdom in their forefathers. More than one salutary regulation has been rejected for want of precedents. The dramatist, in his censure of the manners of the day, follows, on the stage, the same beaten track; and the superficial observer acquieses in the observation, without being aware that he is deceived by appearances. Is it to be wondered at, that the complaint of the degeneracy of the age is so generally received, when we see it so assiduously propagated?

But to these causes of its propagation we must undoubtedly join the pressure of the disappointments and misfortunes which befall us on our pilgrimage through the world, and sour our disposition. Hence also the discontent of old persons. Memory dwells with peculiar complacency on the events we have witnessed, and the joys we have felt in our younger days. The retrospect of the past brightens as it is more distant. We forget that, when judgment was weak and feeling strong, we were more easily pleased, and infer from thence that all was better around us, and that things have ever since been altering for the worse.

There is among the "Poems on various Subjects," lately published by Mr. Henry Richard Wood, a sonnet on the affection with which we look back to our past years, which I cannot refrain from transcribing:

"Why do those years which long, long since have pass'd,
More joyous than the present hours appear?
Say, were they chill'd by no unkindly blast,
Sad with no sigh, polluted with no tear?

Yes. Ere they fled, they felt Misfortune's storms,
And, like the present, had their sorrows too.

'Tis Fancy, fruitful in her airy forms,
That decks them in a garb they never knew.

Fancy, unfetter'd by that clay-link'd chain,
Which, ever mingling with our present joys,
The purest charm of intellect destroys.
Thus foolish man seeks happiness in vain,
Who, striving the reality to find,
Knows but its forms by traces left behind."

Lastly, it must be remembered that our senses and faculties are really impaired by old age; but the deterioration is so gradual, that we do not perceive it. Like children, who, gliding down a gentle stream in a pleasure-boat, fancy that every object is moving along the coast, we imagine that every thing is degenerated around us, whilst we alone are decaying; and Nature, ever kind to her creatures, seems to foster this illusion in the breast of the old man, to wean him from a scene which he is soon to quit.

But whatever may be the merits or the motives of the accusation that we are degenerated, does it answer any good end to ring it incessantly into our ears? I feel no hesitation in replying, No. The language of despondency and of reproach is not calculated to encourage mankind in their efforts to improve. Cheerfulness is one of the main springs of the human mind, which must inevitably relax when its main spring is broken. The supposition of mankind's degeneracy has a tendency to create melancholy and despair, whilst the opposite hypothesis of man's gradual improvement in society, by pointing to happiness, exhilarates the mind, and by exalting the dignity of human nature, invites it to greater attainments. "The past," says Bacon, "ought rather to be called the infancy than the antiquity of the world;" and I agree with those philosophers who think that view of human nature the safest, which considers it formed for every thing that is good and great; and sets no bounds to its capacity and power, without indulging the dream of absolute physical and mental perfection being attainable.

Interesting Narrative, extracted from the relation of Dorvo Soulastre, Ex-Commissary of the Government of St. Domingo; very recently published at Paris, and addressed to Cambacérès.

THE English* kept us on board about a fortnight: at the end of that term the scarcity of water made them get rid of us. Captain William Cropp, the commander, intimated this resolution to me in Latin, which he spoke extremely well. As neither myself nor my companions had found any cause not to be thankful for the good treatment we had experienced, I cannot believe that this man was voluntarily the cause of the severe extremities to which we were reduced during the nine days which followed our quitting the vessel.

On putting us ashore, the English told us we were not more than six or seven leagues from a Spanish *corps de garde*, at which we might easily arrive before sunset, by following the sea-shore, and thence we should with facility reach the interior of the country and the royal road which leads to St. Jago, or even to Havanna. Relying on this assurance, we considered that half a dozen thick biscuits and a flagon of rum, which those who conducted us ashore bestowed on us, were even more than sufficient for our sustenance for the short journey we were to make; and therefore, although we were all half-naked, we walked on cheerfully, having no other arms than *a dirk*, a sort of small sabre or poignard, much used by the English privateers when they board any vessel.

Thus victualled and equipped, we marched on for three hours, sometimes along the coast, sometimes through the neighbouring

* Dorvo Soulastre, with a few companions in a small passage boat, had been taken by an English privateer on the coast of Cuba.

savannas, in which we found a species of *dog grass* that we chewed now and then with the expectation of cooling the parching thirst we experienced; but it possessed an acidity which the palate could not bear, occasioned, no doubt, from the waters of the sea, which, during the continuance of the south winds and the winter floods, inundate the lands, which are extremely low, and even on that account produced nothing except reeds, and plants common to swampy grounds; some mango trees and some other trees, misshapen and branchless, which were scattered here and there, and seemed to vegetate only to attest the infertility of the soil.

The heat had by this time overpowered us; and though we had not made more than two leagues, on account of the difficulty of the march, we were constrained to sit down under the shadow of a clump of mangoes, which rose by the side of a little creek. Here we had scarcely began to repose ourselves, or to yield to reflections more or less melancholy, the presages of the misfortunes that were preparing to overtake us, when our packet-master, Pierre, who had gone a little distance inland, ran towards us as fast as he was able, calling out to us to take care of ourselves. We knew not the occasion of his fears, nor the danger we were in, until he had rejoined us. Thinking he heard a noise on the opposite side of a stagnate pool which was surrounded by mangoes, he had been desirous of seeing from what it proceeded, and to shorten the way, endeavoured to wade across the pool, assisted by some branches of the mango. Unhappily for him he disturbed the repose of five or six alligators, who, during the oppressive heat of the day, had chosen this spot to wallow in. This visit had so much displeased two of them, that they pursued him through the mud; and he would probably have become their prey, had he not been well acquainted with the usual method of eluding them. After an excellent retreat, he ran towards us; and at the moment in which he rejoined us, was apparently more dead than alive.

Disagreeable as this adventure seemed to us, still the conviction of not being far from the *corps de garde* mentioned by the English, revived our courage, and we recommenced our journey in good spirits, persuaded that we should arrive there before night. We therefore continued our march for about three hours longer, at the end of which, the excessive fatigue and heat, and still more the uncertainty of the route, made us determine to stop and deliberate on what was to be done. After a short consultation, which was held at the foot of a tree that very much resembled a cherry-tree, but was almost entirely without leaves, we determined to pass the night in the place where we were, since being elevated, it offered us most security; and we consoled ourselves with the hope that on the next day we should certainly arrive at our promised *corps de garde*. We therefore laid ourselves at our length on the earth, at about a musket shot from the beach, and each of us taking a buiscuit, we made our repast, which might have appeared delicious if we had not been in want of fresh water. La Prudence, whom we had dispatched to seek for some, brought us nothing but a kind of wild artichoke, which, having the form of a parasol reversed, easily retained the dews, so abundant under the tropic. The heat of the day had, however, absorbed the water it had received during the night; nevertheless we cooled our mouths a little, by sucking the leaves. We were still reduced to the necessity of supplying the want of water by our rum, and we drank, in turns, half the contents of our flaggon. The biscuits were all consumed; La Prudence only reserved a couple on account of his excessive thirst, and could eat no more than the half of his share.

Our supper was concluded, and it was still day. We rose to examine the environs, and to contrive how we might most easily escape the sea flies and other insects that incommoded us very much during our repast. Each of us went immediately to the right and left, as fancy directed, agreeing not to lose sight of one another, and not to go out of call. La Prudence and I followed Capt. Durand, and directed our steps towards a savanna, which was skirted by the sea, and interspersed with clumps of man-

goes. We were close to one of these clumps, when we heard a plaintive cry that proceeded from it: the noise resembled that of a dog endeavouring to disengage himself from a snare. I was advancing to see what occasioned it, when Capt. Durand stopped me, telling me not to approach, for the voice was not that of a dog, but of an alligator, and that we were not strong enough to defend ourselves from so ferocious an animal. The pale visage of the captain, who, from a full red, became at this moment as white as a shirt, terrified me so effectually, that I had hardly strength to retreat. We returned to our place of rendezvous, whence it was easy for us to perceive that the whole coast was covered with these monsters, by the numerous tracks which they left in the savannas, as they traversed them to betake themselves to the morasses, where they concealed themselves, and avoided the heat of the day.

(To be continued.)

THE NOBLE ATONEMENT.

OF those valleys in the *Piémont* which derive a lamentable celebrity from the cruel persecutions suffered by their inhabitants on account of their religious opinions, none is more distinguished for the boldest features of Nature than the valley of St. Martin. Encompassed within immense mountains, covered with snow eight months in the year, it is almost cut off from the rest of the globe. Its area is so narrow, that it scarcely leaves room for the rivulet by which it is crossed. It is entered by a bridge over a crack in the rocks, and is inaccessible on every other side. Its population, however, is not inconsiderable. The declivities of the mountains produce rich grapes and luxuriant fruits. Over the orchards and vineyards are extensive forests of chesnut trees; and above these, verdant pastures, where lowing herds are grazing as on the Alps of Switzerland. Towards the summit of the mountains are impervious woods, the abode of bears, wolves, and game of all kind, and the tops are crowned with many silvery lakes.

In the middle ages this romantic valley belonged to a Count of the same name, who reckoned also the adjacent beautiful valley of Pragela among his numerous possessions.

Count St. Martin was a noble-minded, well-disposed, young man, but unaccustomed to subdue the violence of his passions. Tournaments, chivalresque exercises, and the chace, his favorite and almost only occupations, enflamed his desires, without enfeebling his ardent zeal for justice. At the court of the Margrave of Italy, which was the resort of all the young noblemen of the country, he had acquired the fame of a most accomplished knight, won the heart of many a noble virgin, and formed the most intimate friendship with a young Count Montalto, of his own age, but of a more gentle disposition.

Montalto was extremely susceptible of love. His admiration of the fairest among the fair drew upon him many a sarcastic joke from his less inflammable friend, upon whom he did not retaliate, because he secretly wished that it might be reserved for a tenderly-beloved sister to captivate his heart. He frequently mentioned her with an ardour that indulged in comparisons all to her advantage. This, at last, inspired St. Martin with the desire to court her acquaintance.

An opportunity soon offered itself. Montalto had promised to undertake a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, in order to exonerate his dying father from a vow which the latter had been unable to perform. The conscientious son did not wish to delay its performance. He left the court of the Margrave; and as St. Martin determined to be his companion, he attended his friend Montalto.

THE NOBLE ATONEMENT.

Here the rare charms of the beautiful Agnes, the tender affection with which she received her brother, and the noble manner in which she welcomed his friend, operated alike in her favor with Count St. Martin. He felt himself irresistibly enslaved. Montalto observed, with secret pleasure, the change wrought in his friend. He exerted himself to make his stay in his castle still more agreeable; but it was Agnes, Agnes alone, who rendered it peculiarly delightful. Her slender elegant shape, the inexpressible sweetness of her bewitching face, the innocence and purity which adorned her whole person with celestial charms—all this had over the fiery and high-minded St. Martin a power which alternately oppressed and raised his spirits.

Such a situation he could not long endure; and yet the hitherto unconquered hero wanted the courage to disclose to Agnes the glowing ardour with which she had animated his soul. He threw himself into the arms of his friend, and exclaimed:—"My life is at your disposal! Give me death, or your sister."

Montalto, who could not conceal his joy, pressed him to his heart, and answered with warmth:—"Agnes shall be yours. She is, indeed, the pearl of her sex: but is there a mortal living whom I would wish her to prefer to you? No.—Her affections, however, are still unengaged. Yet she cannot continue insensible to a man like you. Win her yourself, and leave me nothing to do but to bless your union."

The pleasure which Agnes found in entertaining her brother's friend with the most distinguished hospitality, reminded her of her female destination, and she guessed at the count's attachment long before a word escaped from his lips. His endeavours to please could not fail of making a lasting impression on her heart. In her presence the violence of his temper subsided into a gentleness which appeared unaccountable even to himself. But no sooner did he perceive his progress in Agnes's affections, than he uttered his sentiments with impetuous vehemence. It was lucky that Agnes had consulted her heart before-hand: yet her female delicacy could not yield a prompt victory. Her gentle brother was called in as a mediator, to reconcile the impetuosity of the lover with the timidity of the beloved object. The alliance was agreed upon, and St. Martin insisted upon its early solemnization.

Montalto was now left to enter alone upon his pious journey. He accompanied the happy couple to St. Martin's castle of Cluzon, in the valley of Pragela, continued for a few weeks a delighted witness of their felicity, and tore himself from his friends with an anguish of mind as if he were never to return.

St. Martin was not the man who could long remain satisfied with the enjoyment of tranquil happiness. Accustomed to noisy bustle and brilliant festivities, he soon made his castle the rendezvous of his neighbours and acquaintance; and his pride was not a little flattered when sometimes one and sometimes another of the knights swore by his sword, that he had never seen a more beautiful or a more lovely woman than his wife. ——Agnes was not fond of the noisy visitors. She avoided them as much as she could; but the count did not like her living retired, and to please him, she condescended to be present at the festive board. The homage paid to Agnes was gratifying to the count: it was an homage to his taste, and her tender attentions to himself completed his felicity.

Among St. Martin's more intimate friends was a knight of the adjacent *Dauphine*, whom he liked about his person because he was a likely and agreeable companion. He was particularly skilled in singing songs of his own composition, and accompanied his voice with the theorbe. Agnes admired his talent, but thought him of a too pliant and changing disposition to give him her esteem. Yet she did not acquaint her husband with the unfavorable impression which his friend made upon her. Robigny, such was the stranger's name, disliked the chace, and often staid at home when the count and the rest of his visitors enjoyed the sports of the field. St. Martin was rallied about it in a manner which wounded his pride, and kindled a fatal

jealousy, which from a spark soon grew to a flame. He fancied he saw in Robigny the seducer of his wife; and although her invariable tenderness exonerated Agnes from all suspicion, he could not resist the passion by which he felt himself suddenly assailed. He resolved to break off his intercourse with Robigny for a time.

The rebuilding his castle in the valley of St. Martin, the oldest of his ancestor's demesnes, furnished him with a plausible pretence. Before he set out for St. Martin with the countess, he told his friends that he should admit no visitors there, and debar himself of their company until his return to Cluzon; at the same time he informed Agnes that he intended to make St. Martin his constant residence. Her joy at this information was so unfeigned, that it instantly banished all the cares by which the count's mind had been secretly harassed. But Robigny soon disturbed his tranquillity afresh. He could not refrain, as he said, from visiting his friend in his solitude; and though he met with little encouragement, he yet repeated his visits from time to time. The count happened to be absent once or twice when he came. Agnes received him with marked coolness, and yet he did not stay away.

One day when the countess declined seeing Robigny, under the pretence of her being unwell, he protested he had some intelligence to communicate, which might be of importance to her husband. But what was her surprise when Robigny abused her condescension in receiving him, to avow his culpable flame! She indignantly left him, and sternly bade him never to appear any more in her presence. Her fear that the knowledge of this occurrence might incite the count to a bloody revenge, impressed her with the idea that she ought to keep it secret from her husband. Alas! she was far from foreboding that this unfortunate resolution would lead to consequences most fatal to herself.

It was late when the count returned to the castle. Unused to dissimulation, Agnes could not welcome him with her wonted serenity. St. Martin, whom his spies had already informed of Robigny's visit at the castle, had more power over himself, and remained silent, though violently grieved at his wife's silence. Hitherto he had believed in her innocence. He now felt convinced that she was most shamefully deceiving him. His passion knew no bounds, and he only pretended to be cheerful and calm, to render his revenge more infallible.

As no one could enter the valley, and much less the castle, unperceived, St. Martin took his measures to be immediately at hand, in case Robigny should again make his appearance. To give the traitors, as he thought, free play, he kept almost always at a distance from the castle. His conduct filled the countess with the most cruel apprehension. But though her feelings were too delicate not to perceive the constraint under which her husband was evidently labouring, yet she could less than ever venture to touch a chord of the responsive sound of which she was so tremblingly afraid.

At the end of a few days St. Martin was informed that the countess had received a pilgrim in her chamber. Rage and fury immediately possessed his soul. None but the villainous Robigny could assume such a disguise. He hastened to surprize the traitors, and his impatience increased when he overheard the exulting joy of Agnes, that the dear pilgrim had not been recognized at his entrance into the castle. He rushed into the room sword in hand, and foaming with rage, pierced the supposed offenders, and bade his wife take her infamous paramour along with her to hell.

A few broken sounds of his dying victims, among which he distinguished the words, *brother!* and *sister!* checked his brutal passion, which subsided into complete stupefaction, when the maid of the countess finished the terrible discovery, and revealed the bad success of Robigny's attempt upon her mistress's inflexible virtue. He cast a mournful look upon the corpses of Agnes and Montalto, and hastily snatched his sword to perish with them. Fortunately the maid caught his arm, and persuaded him to live to pray for the souls of those he had so wantonly butchered, and to work his pardon by

a long repentance. Her impressive entreaties restored him in some degree to his senses. He left the castle, and hastened to a venerable monk in a neighbouring convent. To him he confessed his crime; and the pious priest ordered him to go to Rome, to submit his mournful case to the decision of the Holy Father.

The contrition with which St. Martin appeared before the supreme chief of the church was not feigned. A pilgrimage to the holy sepulchre, and the founding a convent, were the conditions on which he was promised to be absolved. He commenced his expiatory journey without delay.

St. Martin's fervent devotions on the sepulchre of the Redeemer assuaged the terrors of his conscience. The violence of his grief was insensibly converted into a tender melancholy.

Immediately after his return to the valley of St. Martin, the count began to build a spacious convent on one of the most fertile declivities of the mountains, and endowed it with a large tract of land. He solicited the Pope to appoint the venerable monk, to whom he had fled after his misfortune, its first abbot.

Both his penances being now fulfilled, St. Martin was formally absolved by the church; but he was not yet reconciled with his heart, which was alternately torn by the severest contrition for his crime, and the keen remembrance of the irreparable loss it had suffered in its dearest affections. On the suggestion of the abbot he undertook a second journey, devoted again more to religion than to amusement; and in his solitary wanderings he often regretted the time when he was superlatively happy in the company of his friend Montalto, and in the arms of his beloved Agnes.

On his return homewards from this second excursion, he reached Acqui, in the Montserrat, on a festival day which was particularly solemnized by the nuns of a convent in that place. The young pupils of the nunnery graced the procession in bridal attire. The beautiful shape and celestial countenance of one of them in particular engrossed the count's attention. He fancied he discovered in her a faint likeness of his lost Agnes. A confused wish to recover some degree of happiness made him approach the abbess, at the end of the ceremony. He learnt that Celestina was her relation, and the daughter of a poor knight, with whose name and circumstances she did not hesitate to acquaint the count.

His enquiries about the charming Celestina turned all to her advantage; only her father was represented to him as a rough, but honest man, whose hope centered in the fortunate establishment of his daughter. Rejoiced at this information, St. Martin called again upon the abbess, whom he found surrounded by her pupils; among whom he beheld, with encreasing delight, the beautiful Celestina. In a private conversation with the abbess, he imparted his views without disguise. She referred him to Celestina's father, who lived in a neighbouring town.

Guido, this was the name of the poor knight, listened with politeness to the count's proposals, and frankly declared on what conditions he would accede to his wishes. St. Martin assured him of his readiness to settle an independent income upon him, and obtained leave to pay his addresses to Celestina. Guido promised to follow him soon to the covent, to which the count returned the same day.

Celestina was with the abbess. She could not conceal her trouble on seeing the count once more. The latter instantly walked up to her, and taking her gently by the hand, avowed the purpose of his visit. Celestina grew pale. The abbess encouraged her to justify the good opinion which the count entertained of her.—"Noble count," replied Celestina, with a faltering voice, "forgive me, I never can be yours."—St. Martin was thunder-struck. He attributed her answer to her being acquainted with the lamentable fate of his ever-regretted Agnes. The abbess scolded Celestina for indulging foolish whims.——"No," said Celestina, with a noble warmth, "it is no caprice; Montalto has my vows."—"And what will become of your father?" rejoined the ab-

bess, with a reproaching look.—"Oh, Heavens!" exclaimed Celestina, with a painful emotion, and fell senseless in a chair.

If his first conjecture had already abashed the count, the name of Montalto plunged a dagger into his heart. He could only intreat the abbess to spare Celestina, and hastened away.

Montalto, the lover of Celestina, was a cousin of Agnes. He had been the play-fellow of Celestina in his younger years: but their fathers had quarrelled, and Montalto's fortune was far beneath his merit.

"What a fatal concatenation of circumstances!" exclaimed St. Martin. "No, I will not deal death about a second time. I will make them happy. How else could I hope ever to enjoy happiness myself? My crime is not yet atoned for: it demands a greater sacrifice."

Meanwhile Guido arrived at the convent, and convulsed his daughter's heart with reproaches and abuse. He hastened after St. Martin, and having overtook him, protested he should be as good as his word, whilst he reckoned at the same time upon the count's performing his promise. St. Martin endeavoured to soothe his anger, and to incline him to milder dispositions: but Guido swore a dreadful oath that Celestina should never be any other's than count St. Martin's wife. This admitted of no further reply. The count only begged he would at least give Celestina time, and with great difficulty extorted the promise from the violent old man.

St. Martin returned home with a heart full of sorrow, but big with the noblest resolutions. He immediately repaired to the new-built convent. The abbot approved of his project, but warned him against being too precipitate, that he might have no cause to rue the deed which he had determined upon. He remained firm in his resolves.

In the mean time Celestina contrived to inform Montalto of her father's inflexible design to marry her to the count. Wound up to the highest pitch of exasperation Montalto flew to St. Martin, with the view to sacrifice either himself or the man who pretended to Celestina's hand. He addressed the count in these words:—"You are skilled in murdering those of my blood. I am Montalto. Plunge your sword into my heart. At least my death or yours must decide Celestina's fate. She whom you attempt to rob me of, is dearer to me than life."

With apparent calmness, but with the most bitter feelings of a sorrowing heart, St. Martin offered Montalto his hand, and said: "You know me not. Death would, indeed, be a favor: but I would first conquer your esteem. As soon as I was acquainted with Celestina's partiality for you, I spoke, though vainly, in your behalf to her father. Guido, it is true, has my promise; and yet I promise Celestina to you. I shall perform both my promises. Go, tranquilize your beloved Celestina; but avoid her father, and return hither with all speed."

The amazed Montalto understood him not. Yet he embraced the count, and went to Acqui, where his endeavours to approach Celestina proved abortive. Even a letter, which some one had engaged to deliver into her hands, was treacherously conveyed to the abbess. The enraged Guido sought after the disturber of his fortune sword in hand; but Montalto hastened back to count St. Martin, who was busy preparing every-thing necessary for the execution of his noble project.

Guido soon informed the count that Celestina was ready to obey, and insisted upon the performance of the count's promises. He offered his guarantee against Montalto's attempts. This convinced the count that Montalto's life was in danger. He therefore sent him to his other castle, and prevailed with him to stay quietly there until he should lead Celestina to his arms. Of Guido he solicited a delay of a few weeks to prepare the castle for his and Celestina's reception. He transmitted him, at the same time, the legal instrument, by which he settled upon him the promised independent income, in exchange for which he requested of him a formal written declaration, that none but Count St. Martin should obtain Celestina's hand; and that in case of

non-performance of the knight's promise, the settlement granted by the count's instrument should be null and void. Guido smiled at this unnecessary precaution, and readily signed the requested declaration.

Celestina had indeed promised obedience to her father. His indigent circumstances, which bordered on absolute want, had moved the affectionate daughter's heart. Montalto, besides, appeared to have given her up; at least information to this effect had falsely been conveyed to Celestina.

At length the count invited the old knight and Celestina to the castle. They were most sumptuously received, but the count did not show himself. It was the abbot and the inmates of the covent who did the honors of his house. Guido expressed some surprise at the count's not appearing. The abbot entreated him to be patient. He led him and Celestina to two particular seats, and observed that he had some previous communications to impart. The knight listened with impatience.—"You have sworn, and declared in writing," said the abbot, "that you will give your daughter in marriage to Count St. Martin. Do you still intend to perform your promise?"—"By all the saints! I will," replied the old knight. "Am I not here for that purpose?"—"Well then!" resumed the abbot, "know that the former count St. Martin has ceased to be the owner of this estate; but all his engagements have passed over to the new count, who will appear before you in a few minutes."—The old knight was lost in amazement; and Celestina was too much absorbed in thought to have understood any part of what had been said.

At the nod of the abbot two monks opened an adjacent room, and Montalto appeared, unconscious of what was intended. Celestina was near losing her senses. Guido fancying himself deceived, grasped his sword. The monks disarmed him, and the abbot unrolled a formal diploma, by which Montalto was invested with the earldom of St. Martin, and named heir to the valley of Pragela. The astonished Guido remained speechless. The abbot handed the diploma to Montalto, and proclaimed him Count St. Martin. The happy young nobleman ran to Celestina, and clasped her to his throbbing heart, without apprehending any further opposition from her father.

The generous St. Martin was now loudly called for.—"You will never see him any more," said the abbot, with an uncommon emotion. "He is already far removed from this spot, and enjoys, at this moment, the blissful satisfaction to have atoned for his rash and sanguinary deed, by rendering a Montalto happy. But come, Sir Guido, bless your children, forget the past for your benefactor's sake, and follow me to the altar."

The marriage ceremony was performed by the abbot, and it is difficult to say whether the young lovers were more gratified by their unexpected happiness, than absorbed in admiration for the noble deed of the count, whose residence, notwithstanding all their anxious efforts, they could never discover.

At the end of a few years the venerable abbot invited the happy couple and the old knight to a solemn *requiem*. It was for the soul of the unfortunate but generous count, who had finished his days in his convent. The valley of Pragela devolved now to Celestina's husband, with the exception of those lands that had been assigned to the convent.

The ravages of time have long since destroyed both the castle and the convent of St. Martin; but the rocks by which they were surrounded are still extant, and recall to the enquiring traveller the remembrance of the noblest atonement.

D. B.

MICHAEL-ANGELO.

WE borrow the following reflection from an Italian work, published last year in Florence, under the following title: *Riflessioni sopra Michel Angelo Buonarroti del Car. Onofrio boni.*

The Italians have better means than we can possibly possess of appreciating their own artists; their works are before them. They have, besides, the resource of tradition and of a great number of curious works but little known among us. A French writer (M. de Chambray) who has attempted to establish a parallel between Michael Angelo and Raphael, solely on the merit of engravings from their respective works, is severely censured by the Italian author, who justly observes, that this mode of judging is entirely in favor of Raphael: for MarcAntonio'sengravings,executed under the eye of the painter, and at times corrected by him, give faithfully the outlines, the character, and the expression of his figure, as well as the most exact image of his compositions: whereas Michael Angelo's works, presenting, perhaps, greater difficulties to the copyists, have been engraved only by artists inferior to Marc Antonio, and unable to follow the painter's genius in its noble flight.

Mengs places Michael Angelo and Raphael on a par with the ancients, for the sublimity of those conceptions which we call *poetical*; and each of them reached that height by following the impulse of his own genius. That of Michael Angelo manifested itself early. Vasari tells of him, that being yet a child he corrected with a pen a drawing of Grillandajo; and the grand character of his style formed such a striking contrast with the dry and paltry manner then in use, that from that moment his future excellence was foreseen; and, indeed, it may be truly said that his talent never knew infancy, and proved already ripe. Thus vigorous plants shoot with force and rapidity under a congenial clime, and produce spontaneously both fruits and flowers. He astonished all the artists by the sudden boldness of a new style, in his famous cartoon executed in 1504, in competition with Leonardo di Vinci, and which became immediately the object of the studies and of the meditations of Raphael, then very young, of Andrea del Sarte, of Baccio Bandinelli, of Perrin della Vage, and of several others. Shortly after he painted the ceiling of the Sextine Chapel, the first model of that grand style in modern painting which he communicated to all his works in sculpture and in architecture.

Three full centuries have now elapsed since those paintings were executed, and they not only excited universal admiration in the golden age of painting, but they have been ever since constantly studied, and considered as models. To be convinced that they deserve that unanimous applause, let us review the different parts which constitute perfection in painting, and let us examine what share of merit Michael-Angelo possessed in each of these parts.

If the perfection of drawing consists in the correctness, that is, in the exact representation of the form of bodies, in whatever situation they appear to the eye, certainly no painter has surpassed Michael-Angelo. Born in the infancy of the art, he fixed its limits in that branch. He represented by mere rectitude of sight, all that lineal perspective executes by geometrical rules. To this he added the most profound knowledge in anatomy; and he may, perhaps, be reproached with having abused it, by sometimes representing all the muscles in action, when, from the position of the figure, they should have been at rest. To him may, perhaps, be applied what Quintillian has said of the Discobulus of Miron, who was stiff and somewhat of a *mannerist* in the delineation of his figures; but Michael-Angelo amply compensates for those blemishes, by his profound knowledge in other essential parts of the art, and above all, by his grand and broad style, which seems to realize the heroes of Homer. He may be said, also, to have carried the art of foreshortening to perfection, if

he did not invent it; for it is uncertain whether Corregio, who so much excelled in it, had not seen the works of Michael-Angelo before he executed his far-famed Cupola of Parma.

As to the art of chiaro'scuro, in which the same painter was pre eminent, Michael-Angelo was also master of it, but in an inferior degree. In this, however, he surpassed Raphael. We may conceive what was the astonishment of the Roman artists, when, for the first time, they beheld the ceiling of the Sextine chapel, so remarkable for the correctness of the drawing, the masterly intelligence of contractions, and the expression in the heads and attitudes.—When they saw starting, as it were, from the walls, those terrible prophets and those venerable sybils—when they beheld the Eternal borne on the undulating clouds—such an exhibition must have been the more astonishing, as it was novel and unexpected; and as no other painter had ever given any specimens of it. Soon after, Corregio produced a still more complete illusion; but Michael-Angelo is nevertheless to be considered as the inventor of that style of painting; and if he who attains perfection, by following a beaten path, is entitled to praise, what superior merit must we allow to him who first discovered it?

We may better judge of Michael's colouring from his portable paintings, (in which he is by no means inferior to the best painters of the Florentine school,) than from his fresco paintings—the only grand works he executed, but which are degraded by smoke and dust, still worse than by the lapse of time. It is, however, easy to remark, in the gigantic figures of his *Last Doom*, a broad and easy touch, a mellowness of pencil, and a well-managed gradation of tints in the transitions from light to shade. There are, however, some parts of the flesh which, for roundness and warmth of colouring, nearly approach the works of Titian. It is even surprising that in a fresco painting of such large dimensions the painter should have been able to produce such harmony in the general effect; although it were to be expected that the figures which compose it, and which are almost all naked, should have broken the unity of the whole. Notwithstanding this, by varying the hues of the flesh, and by the management of incidental lights, he has produced a grand whole; and this vast composition proves that this painter knew all the secrets of harmony in colouring.

In the lower ground he has expressed the resurrection of bodies; skeletons are here seen beginning to move: some are half covered with flesh; a great number, already restored to life, strive to disentangle themselves from their shrouds, to leave the earth, and ascend towards Heaven. The whole of this group being composed of pale and livid bodies, and of white draperies, contrast in an admirable manner with the opposite group, placed at the entrance of Hell, from whence issue flames, the fiery tinges of which are reflected by the multitude of the damned, whom *Caron demonio lonocchi di bragia* drives to his boat. No less a genius than that of Michael-Angelo could have been able to bring such a vast number of figures to produce a general effect, and at the same time to find a contrast so striking and so natural.

As to the composition and expression, what painter knew, better than Michael-Angelo, how to conceive a vast subject, and how to distribute its various details? What a genius was requisite to imagine the general effect of the astonishing picture of *The last Doom*, to harmonize so ably all its parts, to connect them by ingenious episodes, and to make them all subservient to a single and central thought, from which springs all the interest produced by the whole! A just and merciful God occupies the center of the picture. In the sublime expression of his countenance all the human passions are pourtrayed, but ennobled at the same time. He curses the wicked, and seems to pity them; he protects the elect, without being moved by their prayers; and consulting only the laws of eternal justice, he adjudges rewards to virtue, and thunders against crime.

This figure, for which the artist could find no model but his genius, is alone worth

a whole poem. It is superior to the most boasted wonders of antiquity; and the Apollo, to which it might be compared in some respects, is far below that conception in point of vigour, grandeur and majesty. Without entering into more minute details on the composition of this picture, it may be affirmed, that there is not a single group which, taken separately, and executed by another, could fail of insuring to its author a just celebrity.

These views of the distinctive characteristics of Michael-Angelo's talent would be incomplete, were we to omit noticing the style which was exclusively his own. It has been objected to him that he had deviated from the ancient school: bnt he has not been, perhaps, sufficiently praised for having created for himself a peculiar and independent style. Like those emulous Titans who fought with unequal arms against the gods of Olympus, but who, although unsuccessful in that lofty struggle, evinced a courage superior even to that of their antagonists, Michael-Angelo has struggled, sometimes with advantage, and has ennobled his defeat. His error was voluntary, and produced by a sort of exaggeration, which announced his superiority, and, in some measure, the superabundance of his strength.

Michael-Angelo, reared at the court of the Medicis, and in familiarity with its prince, (a zealous friend to the arts,) had at his disposal all the ancient models. These he studied, as long as he wanted assistance in the career. When he found that he too could create, he wished to be independent. He would have imitated the noble simplicity of the ancients, could he have curbed his aspiring genius; and everybody knows how one of his statues was mistaken by his cotemporaries for an antique. In short, had he remained an imitator, he would have been liable to fewer reproaches: but, on the other hand, would he have produced the immortal Moses?

Such aberrations as those of Michael-Angelo are readily excused: but those audacious artists who have dared to imitate his boldness, without having his talent, have only been successful in becoming, more or less, barbarous *mannerists*.

There are several kinds of beauty, as well in the arts connected with drawing, as in poetry. Each artist must attach himself to that which is most suitable to his genius.—The one will excel in expressing soft emotions, and the other in pourtraying strong passions. Michael-Angelo and Raphael have both reached the sublime by different roads. Both excel in drawing; and if Michael-Angelo is more learned in anatomy, Raphael has a greater variety in his characters and in his expression, and he is certainly more graceful in his figures of women and of young people.

Their colouring is inferior to that of Titian, whom no painter has surpassed in this respect; and as to the chiaro'scuro, they are also inferior to Corregio.

From all this we must conclude with Mengs, that Painting reached, in the 16th century, the highest degree of perfection to which the moderns have carried it. By the united efforts of Michael-Angelo and Raphael, that art acquired boldness of outline, a correct delineation of beauty's forms, and breadth of style, invention, composition, and expression. Lastly, Titian and Corregio created, in some manner, the natural tints of bodies, with all the incidents and modifications which light can produce, the gradual transitions of the chiaro'scuro, softness of penciling, and all the blandishments of grace.

ALPHONSO; OR, THE NATURAL SON.

(Continued from page 335.)

CHAP. XX.

THE enraged duchess perfectly coincided in opinion with the countess, that it would be proper to make the duke acquainted with the baron's conduct; and endeavour to convince him that the baron's sentiments were such as could not fail to corrupt the mind and principles of Herminia. But what was to be done? it could not be brought about immediately, as the duke was not expected to return from Fontainebleau for several days. This delay put the duchess completely out of temper with every one around her, particularly with Alphonso, whom she treated with more coolness and indifference than usual. But Herminia amply avenged him for the ill treatment he experienced, by inviting him to sit next to her at table, which she had never done before.—The duchess was almost suffocated with resentment. She did all in her power to stifle it in the presence of her domestics, but in vain; her countenance was full of what she felt. She was inattentive and absent the whole of dinner; frequently answered with an abruptness that could not fail to displease her guests, and made use of every trifling pretence for censuring Zoa and the attendants. Her angry look, dissatisfied tone, and violent agitation, terrified every one who was ignorant of the cause; and the calm, unconcerned air of Alphonso and Herminia, who talked cheerfully together, without seeming to notice her displeasure, completed her vexation. On entering the drawing room, the duchess would have given vent to her passion, had not the countess beckoned her to the window, and calmed her by appearing to participate in her indignation; at the same time observing, "that it was a happy circumstance things were carried so far, as there would be plenty of room now for complaint to the duke. Let them go on," continued she, "and rely on it that as soon as the duke comes to a knowledge of what has transpired, that insolent coxcomb will be driven from the family." These reasons quieted the duchess's mind, and she determined to dissemble till the duke's return. In the course of the day the countess took the opportunity of telling the greater part of the society, *in confidence* that the duchess had the strongest reason to be dissatisfied with Herminia's conduct. This of course produced a great many remarks upon her ingratitude; for the countess had asserted, in defiance of all truth, "that her father, though a very devout man, had left his affairs in a very deranged state; that the duke had condescended to take upon himself the trouble of looking into and settling them, which, upon the whole, had occupied a great deal of his time and attention; that this once considerable inheritance, in consequence of the extensive charitable donations of the deceased, was now reduced to a very limited income; and that had it not been for the duke's indefatigable exertions, the heiress would have been very badly off in her circumstances. It did not seem likely that a careful, economical man, who was reputed one of the best of fathers, should have impaired his immense fortune by prodigal donations; so, little credit was given to what the countess reported: but the friends of the duchess, particularly those who were envious of the talents and acquirements of Herminia, feigned to believe the whole history.

In the evening several visitors arrived from Paris and Fontainebleau; and among them the baroness of Olberg, sister to the duchess; and the commandant of Jarson. This gentleman, one of the ancient knights of Malta, about 68, was a well-known parasite in the first circles, and constantly visited some one for his dinner, through avarice, not necessity. As it is not thought disgraceful to accumulate debts when we have it in our power to pay them, though

we want the inclination, so we may with good grace live upon our friends, when we have it in our power to regale them sumptuously in return; but such a character must be a connoisseur in good eating and drinking, have a perfect knowledge of every dish that is brought to table, and be able to give an opinion upon all the different sorts of wine. The commandant possessed these qualities in a very striking degree. His memory in this particular was surprising. He could enumerate all the excellent wines that ever were made, tell you every season that had been farvorable for Bordeaux, Burgundy, &c. for the last fifty years; and whenever he gave his opinion of the wine set before him, he assumed an air of such self-importance and gravity as drew the attention of all present. The commandant not having any house establishment, and possessing an income of seventy thousand livres, was enabled to make a magnificent appearance abroad, and at the same time to lay by thirty thousand francs annually. He kept a stud of excellent horses, and an opera box, the latter of which he let to any one that would hire it when he did not want it. He was considered expert at whist and trictrac, which was a sufficient passport to every fashionable society. He always very obligingly escorted the ladies home from the same party who resided in his neighbourhood, and behaved, upon all occasions, with that methodical, minute, and formal politeness, which, though it is not very captivating, yet, in an elderly man, it produces esteem. The commandant never paid his court to any thing but rank; he always spoke with contempt of plebeians and provincialists, and regarded fashionable etiquette as a virtue. The Baroness of Olberg had been several years a widow: she was an amiable, accomplished, and religious woman, and never paid any visits except to the Duchess, her sister; the remainder of her time she spent at her chateau in retirement. The dispositions and characters of the two sisters were so opposite, that every one was astonished at the intimacy and continuance of their friendship. It was generally suspected, however, that the Duchess found it her interest to cultivate a good understanding with her sister, in order to secure a rich inheritance for the Count her son; but it was thought very singular that the Baroness, who was so fond of solitude, should appear to receive so much pleasure in a house constantly filled with visitors of fashion, particularly as it was visible enough that although the Duchess treated her with attention, she neither loved her nor confided in her. Herminia and Zoa always experienced the greatest kindness from the Baroness, which inspired them with the warmest friendship for her.

In a few days the Countess of Mersac received a letter from her friend the Marchioness of ****, at Besançon, in reply, concerning Alphonso. We may easily suppose that the Marchioness, who was become, as was before observed, a declared enemy to Melvil and Melania, did not lose so good an opportunity of calumniating them. The Countess read the letter with avidity, and with all the rancour of malice carried it in triumph to the Duchess. On entering her apartment, she could not suppress her joy and delight: "I have procured you some charming news," said she: "this young man of *noble birth*, as the Duke represents him, deceived, no doubt, by Melvil,—this young man of so *distinguished a family in the colonies*,—pray, what do you think of him? . . . . — is *a bastard!!!*"—"A bastard!" exclaimed the Duchess, with the most malicious surprise,—"Yes, a bastard of that creolian Dormeuil, who had him by a negress." . . . . This latter embellishment to the history of Alphonso was not in the letter—it escaped the Countess without reflection; for as Alphonso was of a very fair complexion, it was difficult to make a mulatto of him. The Duchess fearing, after this passage, that the whole was a gross fabrication, replied a little out of humour:—"*A negress!*—that is impossible . . . ."—"Oh! no, no," returned the Countess, "I am wrong— *a slave* I should have said. Listen to the sentence." She then read the following letter, laying a strong emphasis upon those parts which could satisfy the hatred and malevolence of the Duchess:—'Young *Dormeuil*, as you call

him, Madam, is neither a young man of respectable birth, nor in any way related to the ancient and honourable family of that name in the colonies; but simply this, the illegitimate son of an old creole, who has never been married. Their history is a very singular one: Dormeuil came and settled in this neighbourhood some time ago, with his mistress, a pretty girl enough, whom he wanted to pass off for his neice: this would not go down,—no person would keep company with Miss Melania Dormeuil, notwithstanding the celebrity of the name she usurps; but hearing that she had a rich young neighbour, she practised every art to become acquainted with this neighbour, who is no other than Melvil, in which she at last succeeded; and it is reported, that the poor fellow has fallen seriously in love with her. In order to gain over the pretended uncle, who is passionately fond of hunting, Melvil was condescending enough to permit him to hunt upon his estate, and old Dormeuil willingly shut his eyes to the intrigue; but, on returning home one fine evening, rather earlier than usual, he discovered he had another rival in his son, whom he found in Melania's arms. Highly incensed, he now broke out into all the rage of an irritated father and betrayed lover: however, in order to preserve Melvil's friendship, and, at the same time, to remove his son from home, he gave a very ingenious turn to this adventure, by informing Melvil that Alphonso possessed an unhappy passion for Melania; and the amiable Melvil, in order to divest him of the torments of an hopeless passion, by employing his mind, undertook to conduct him to Paris, and make interest to procure him a situation." "What a string of horrors!" said the Duchess; "this letter is indeed a treasure!—the Duke returns to-morrow—Oh! how anxious I am to shew it him! . . . Do you suppose, after this, he will admit such a wretch to his table?——What an unprincipled bastard! . . . and add, an imposter, for he takes part in the falsehoods circulated about his respectability. . . . —The Duke will be highly incensed against Melvil, who has certainly not behaved with his usual candour and ingenuousness in this affair. I will take care that Herminia shall see the letter!—this is a charming lesson for her!—I really believe there is nothing more in her conduct than a thoughtless coquetry; but when she learns who is the object of it, how will she feel! . . . I must confess, *I* shall certainly feel a pleasure in seeing her a little humbled!"—"Oh! and so will every body else—there is no one that is not shocked at her ingratitude and rudeness towards you. Well! never mind—this, if I am not greatly mistaken, will avenge me."

CHAP. XXI.

Whilst the Duchess and her friend were laying their plans, and enjoying in anticipation the success resulting from them, the Baron, who had arrived at Fontainebleau, had frequent conversations with the duke, in one of which he informed him of every thing that had passed between himself and the Duchess concerning Herminia. He was well acquainted with the Duke's natural character; he knew that he possessed a great share of vanity and self importance, with but little esteem for his wife; beside, he was sensible that in dissentions as well as in the affairs of state there is always a great advantage in speaking first, particulary when we address those who are not burdened with penetration. Such people are commonly very indolent; they have neither inclination nor fortitude to search out the truth of every thing they hear, and divest themselves of prejudices. The Duke listened to the Baron with great emotion, tho' the latter did not seem to notice it. "All these extravagancies," said he, "proceed from Madame de Mersac. I cannot believe there is the least foundation for them. If there were, you would certainly have been the first to discover it."—"Yes," said the Duke, flattered with the idea that the Baron seemed to entertain of his penetration, "I don't believe a word of it. Madame de Mersac is never easy except she is stirring up mischief and dissention."—"I treated it as a ridiculous fable," replied the Baron, "and the absurdity of it is so evident, that I was positive you would not suffer yourself to be imposed upon by it. I know

Herminia too well: she is not quite so susceptible. Nay, I believe her a stranger to the sentiment of love."—"So *I* have always said," replied the Duke.—"I have hardly been absent from her a moment, since she left Paris," said the Baron, "and I can answer for it that she has not paid the young man the smallest attention. In fact, I am persuaded she thinks nothing of him; and I am as fully persuaded that he thinks as little of her. Well, then what have they to say against Herminia? Why, that she was fearful that Alphonso would spoil the dance—that she did every thing in her power to prevent his being of the party—and that when she discovered that he went through the figure gracefully, she endeavoured to prolong it. This is what they please to term a certain proof of love."—"Ah well," replied the Duke, "I'll take the earliest opportunity to tell them my opinion of it."—"The consequence is," continued the Baron, "that as Madame de Mersac has whispered about some silly insinuations upon this important discovery, as she calls it, if you cease to patronise the young man—if you insist on his leaving your house—it will be rumoured about, and believed, that you have actually discovered a criminal intrigue between him and your niece."—"Be assured," replied the Duke, "that I am not to be influenced by any of their nonsense."

Such was the ingenious turn the Baron gave the adventure at the ball; and since the art of calumniating has arrived at such perfection, such is the part we must often act, to defend our friends from malevolent cunning.

The Duke was the more easily persuaded to give credit to what had been said, as his son had assured him he was confident the Baron loved Herminia himself, from several circumstances which had fallen within his observation. This induced the Duke further to place the utmost confidence in a man of the Baron's penetration, who would not only feel a lively interest in Herminia's fate, as a near relation, but who was actuated by motives of a much more tender nature.—The Duke resolved not only to reprimand his wife severely for the part she had taken in the affair, but the Countess likewise, though he had frequently employed her in the same way, in some of his intrigues. The Duke was not going out as ambassador to Vienna: another had been appointed, which he would not at first credit; so that these two events coming together, put him quite out of temper. He was appointed to a government; but this inadequate compensation was given him in order to remove him from the court, and as a kind of retreat. He was never to be employed again—he had lost his popularity. This terrible blow had been directed against him with wonderful dexterity and precaution. Though the Duke heartily hated him who had supplanted him, he could not help secretly admiring his policy. The intrigue had been managed with such ingenuity, that he had not the smallest idea of it.—Such sentiments are very common with those who are ambitious, which must render court differences more easily reconcileable than any others. It is not unusual for courtiers who have been enemies and rivals, and who have acted with the most notorious treachery towards each other, to become reconciled, with more sincerity than is generally imagined.

The Duke, anxious to preserve that consideration which court favours produce, carefully concealed every appearance of discontent. An open murmur is seldom made against the court, unless there is a certainty of getting the cause of complaint removed, or of obtaining a superior recompense. The Duke had no hopes of either, so he put on the appearance of satisfaction, and affected, in public, to be quite chearful, reserving the whole of his displeasure for the interior of his family. He at length left Fontainebleau for his country seat.—As soon as he was announced, the Duchess eagerly hurried into his study, and in spite of his discontented look and angry tone she related all that had passed during his absence. The Duke did not interrupt her narrative; but the instant she had concluded, he exclaimed, with a significant shrug, that the whole story was contrary to common sense; he did not credit a syllable of it; and that he was confident it had been made up

from some illiberal motive; adding—"I admire and esteem Alphonso—I can answer both for him and Herminia; and I insist upon his being treated with every kindness, attention and respect."—Trembling with rage on hearing the Duke's reply, for a moment she stood speechless. Then suddenly drawing from her pocket the Marchioness's letter—"Your prejudice is carried to a ridiculous length indeed," said she. "Melvil has either been grossly deceived, or he has basely deceived you, about this young man. He ought never to have been admitted into your family.—There, peruse that: it is written by a person of the greatest respectability, an intimate friend of Madame de Mersac."—Then presenting him with the letter, she pointed to the passages which she wished him particularly to notice. The Duke took the paper, and we may easily judge what sort of impression these calumnies made upon the mind of Alphonso's father, by what followed. The instant he had read it, he tore it to pieces, and consigned it to the flames, exclaiming—"You may tell Madame de Mersac from me, that this same Marchioness de ****, *her respectable friend*, is an infamous slanderer. The letter contains nothing but the most abominable absurdities. I wonder, in the first place, that you should have suffered yourself to be imposed upon by such a person; and in the next, that you should be the bearer of such a letter to me."—"But," replied the Duchess, very much disconcerted, "it is not likely that the Marchioness de **** would have fabricated such a story. She resides in the same neighbourhood, and has received her information from very good authority, I'll answer for it."—"But I have certain proof," interrupted the Duke, "that the whole account is false; and I repeat, that though I am not going on this mission to Vienna, Alphonso shall remain in my family until I can procure him an acceptable situation, suitable to his birth and education!"—"His birth!"—"Yes, his birth, Madam: and moreover, I desire that he may experience that attention and respect from yourself which I shall always expect you to pay those I may be pleased to receive under my protection."—"And I, Sir," exclaimed the Duchess, in the most violent rage, "predict that he will in the end seduce your niece, and disunite and dishonour your family."

Her remarks greatly incensed the Duke, brought about a violent altercation, and in the height of passion many mortifying explanations took place on both sides. At length the Duke imposed silence, with all the despotism of an imperious husband.—This last affair completely set the Duchess against Alphonso, and inspired her with the most rancorous hatred towards him: but from motives of policy she resolved to dissemble her real sentiments till a favourable opportunity should present itself.

CHAP. XXII.

Alphonso was ignorant of the greater part of these mean conspiracies against him, consequently they did not come to the ears of Melvil; though if they had both been acquainted with all the particulars, they would have carefully concealed them from Melania. Melvil, from time to time, gave her an account of the attention Alphonso met with, and how much he was respected by the Duke's circle of acquaintance for his amiable conduct. Alphonso constantly wrote to her also; and in one of his letters he informed her of his affection for Herminia—happy at the opportunity of making her acquainted with a new attachment which he thought would tend to remove from her mind every former impression, and give him the right of speaking to her without hesitation or restraint of his filial tenderness, the predominant affection of his heart. He added, that he loved Herminia without hope, as his humble situation in life would not allow him to aspire to her hand; but that his reason, he trusted, would be strong enough to enable him to subdue his passion; at any rate, that the avowal of it should never pass his lips.—This informtaion gave Melania the utmost uneasiness. Alphonso had become unknowingly his brother's rival. She immediately wrote to Melvil, and apprised him of the affair; and his reply calmed all her fears. He assured her he could answer for it, that it

was a sentiment of tender esteem, and not love;—that Alphonso possessed too much probity and honour;—that he too much respected the rights of hospitality, not only to discover such a sentiment, if it really existed, but also to encourage the idea in secret. —"Look upon his confession rather as made with the view to efface from your mind all recollection of the past;—make yourself perfectly easy; he is virtuous, prudent, and even rigid;—do not harbour a fear of his disgracing those principles which you have so carefully engraven on his mind."

Such assurances, from so sincere a friend, removed all her apprehensions. All her future hopes of happiness depended upon Alphonso; and she delighted to hear that his conduct was of such a nature as gave her little reason to dread a disappointment of the happiness she anticipated. She bore his absence with tolerable patience, though maternal love must always feel a painful anxiety when long separated from the objects of its adoration and solicitude; and the greatest pleasure, next to beholding them, must be to hear that they are well and happy. The Duke and Duchess returned to Paris. Alphonso now discovered that the embassy was at an end, and he began to think that he ought on that account to be no longer burthensome to the Duke. His pride could not support the idea of remaining with him in the capacity of secretary, as he was not going to Vienna. The same subject had already engaged Melvil's thoughts, and he had had some conversation with the Duke upon the affair. The Duke spoke in very affectionate terms of Alphonso, and told Melvil that he wished him to remain in his family until he could procure him a desirable appointment. The Duke repeated the same words to Alphonso, in the presence of the whole family; and with the utmost kindness he added, that until then he might consider himself as on a friendly visit, as he was both useful and agreeable to him. Alphonso, in fact, by his general knowledge and assiduity, had rendered himself very serviceable to the Duke. It had been long a custom with him to present the ministry, from time to time, with some political or military memoranda. These gave him a considerable deal of trouble to compose; and as he was always obliged to make a rough copy, his manuscripts were full of erasures, transpositions, and references, like the productions of those who write without method in the arrangement, without judgment or facility. Scarcely any one but Alphonso could make out what he wrote.

Alphonso made up his mind to accept the Duke's invitation; but he determined, after the business of the morning was finished, to spend the remainder of his time away from the Duke's family, in order to avoid the malevolence of the Duchess, the disdainful rudeness of the Count, and the illiberality of the Abbé. This deprived him of the pleasure resulting from the affability and kindness of Herminia; though, in reality, his duty rendered this an additional reason for absenting himself from their society. During the whole of the winter he did not spend his evenings at the Duke's above two or three times: he passed the whole of his leisure with Melvil, who introduced him to the most fashionable society in Paris. But Alphonso seemed to enjoy very little satisfaction from it. When the heart is wholly occupied, little amusement can be met with, unless the object of our affection be present. Alphonso found no society equal to Herminia's, and nothing that could console him for the absence of Melania. Nevertheless, he always rendered himself agreeable, (particularly to the ladies,) by his seasonable wit, assiduous attention, and easy, unaffected manners, as the surest way of securing their esteem is to seem to do justice to their merits, without appearing to seek an opportunity to flatter them. The irreproachable and cautious conduct of Alphonso put it out of the power of either the Duchess or Countess to injure his character, notwithstanding they carefully watched every action. The Duke triumphed at this, as it confirmed his former opinion, added weight to his penetration, and belied the prediction of the Duchess. Herminia in reality thought his conduct a little too rigid; she now seldom even saw

him, but she often heard him spoken very favourably of by those who met with him in society. The Countess, who had in the beginning whispered it about that Alphonso had the *presumption* to entertain a passion for Herminia, got credit for possessing little penetration: but she always obstinately persisted that she was not mistaken; adding, that Alphonso would not conduct himself with so much reserve, if there were not a good understanding between them, and that she would answer for it, sooner or later the whole intrigue would be brought to light. The winter passed in this manner. Melvil, from time to time, pressed the Duke to think of providing for Alphonso, and pointed out what he thought the most effectual means. The Duke, who was seldom in a hurry about any thing, except it advanced his own interest, frequently fixed a time for a final determination, and as frequently neglected it. At length he presented Alphonso to the Minister for Foreign Affairs, intreated an appointment for him, which was expected to be vacant in a few months. This was promised without hesitation. A short time after, Melvil took Alphonso into the country: They had been there above six weeks, when the Duke wrote down to Alphonso, requesting he would return to Paris, as he wished to see him without delay.

CHAP. XXIII.

The evening before Alphonso's arrival, a circumstance happened which created a considerable degree of consternation and uneasiness. The Duke sent for Herminia into his study, and after a short preamble, he introduced the subject of the marriage between her and his son, observing, that the time mentioned in her father's will was almost expired, that it was now time to come to a conclusion upon this important affair, and that he thought the beginning of the ensuing winter was a very proper period for the celebration of the ceremony. Here he concluded, and waited for Herminia's reply; but she continued silent. At length he requested to know why she hesitated, and seemed so much at a loss for an answer upon this occasion.—After a moment's reflection, she assured him she was not at all at a loss or embarrassed about an answer to what she had just heard; but continued she, "It is requisite, in the first place, before I enter into any engagement, to know exactly the amount of my fortune. My father, undoubtedly, could not have placed it in the hands of one more likely to take care of it than yourself; but you have always given me to understand that he left his affairs in a very deranged state, and that his property was not near so considerable as was generally supposed, and I am anxious to know the extent of it; because, before I think of marrying, I wish to ascertain what fortune I can offer him whom fate intends shall be my husband."

This unexpected answer greatly confounded the Duke. His affairs were not in a condition to enable him to come to an equitable settlement about an inheritance which he had long looked upon and treated as his own; and the greater part of which, he had flattered himself, at the death of his brother, he should soon unite to his own estate by the marriage of his son, who would be altogether ignorant of the transaction. However, he concealed his anxiety, and looking steadfastly at Herminia—"Such a wish," said he, "does not originate with you—some one has put it into your head. I am certain that a moment's reflection will convince you how indecorous it would be for you to require me to render you an account of every circumstance which has happened since your father's death. It would be so derogatory, so wounding to my feelings, and it would carry with it such an air of suspicion and ingratitude, that for your own sake I would not, upon any consideration, it should be known that you had made such a demand."——"Uncle," replied Herminia, "do not mistake the nature of my sentiments; I have the highest respect for *you*: no one, I am sure, will think I suspect your integrity; but I am now of an age to conduct my own affairs, and why should I still give you the trouble of them? but previous to my having the management of them, I must of course know in what state they are: nay, so far from supposing that

such a request would displease you, I had persuaded myself you were anxious for an opportunity of giving me every information I could wish."—"Well," said the Duke, in an angry tone, and rising from his chair, "when I am at leisure you shall have your demand complied with."

The Duke flattered himself she would be satisfied with the statement he should make out, without investigating it, or entering into particulars; but before the end of the day he was convinced of his error. The Baron requested to speak with him, and told him Herminia had desired him to inspect her accounts, because, although she placed the utmost confidence in her uncle, it was not necessary to depend entirely on the statements of his steward or attorney. The Duke now plainly saw that Herminia was determined, in the first place, not to marry his son; and in the second, to recover her fortune. These resolutions he gave the Baron credit for, confident that she acted agreeably to his advice; and this led him to suspect that the Baron had gained a complete ascendancy over her, and that he would not fail to turn it to his own advantage, by bringing about a marriage between her and himself; which alliance would by no means be derogatory to Herminia, as the Baron possessed a very considerable estate, and enjoyed the highest consideration. The Duke consoled himself with the probability, that by gaining a little more time he could easily break up the intrigue, for Herminia could not really be in love with him, or circumstances would have disclosed it sooner; so he resolved to conceal his resentment, to make a shew of confidence and generosity, to act as if he were perfectly secure as to the union taking place between Herminia and his son, and at the same time to consult his stewards and attorney upon the best mode of perplexing the accounts, and by that means shelter himself from suspicion and contention. The Duke kept all that was passing a profound secret from the Duchess.

The same day Zoa was thrown into the greatest trouble. The Duchess informed her that they had made up a match for her with a man of considerable fortune, in the prime of life, and holding a lucrative and honourable situation under government.—On learning this, Zoa expressed the utmost surprise, and at length burst into tears. The Duchess considered this as a childish demonstration which was to be expected, and she dismissed her abruptly, observing, as she left the room, that when she was alone, she would reflect with gratitude on their kind consideration for her future welfare. Zoa went directly to Herminia, and told her what the Duchess had said.—"My dearest Zoa," said Herminia, "I think, with the Duchess, that it would be an advantageous alliance for you. Have you any serious objection to it? If you have, let me know it. Be candid, and open your mind to me without hesitation or disguise." — Zoa appeared confused. She endeavoured to speak, but the words expired on her trembling lips. "What! has your young heart already fixed its affections on another?" said Herminia.—"Yes," replied Zoa, with a sigh, "but I have no reason to hope that there is a mutual affection."—"Poor girl!" exclaimed Herminia, sighing in her turn, "I pity you to my heart! I participate in your feelings, I assure you!"—She paused—her eyes were suffused with tears. "I discovered the nature of your attachment some time ago," continued she," but you will have no reason to repent making me your confidante upon the occasion."—"How," said Zoa, "can you have discovered the nature of my sentiments? I think I have not acted in any way to create even suspicion."—"No," returned Herminia, "that is very true, but in many of our conversations, in spite of your caution I have witnessed your decided preference for Alphonso. But, dearest Zoa, let me be your guide in this affair. The Duchess does not intend your marriage to take place these five or six months. Before the expiration of that time I will contrive to set it aside altogether. In the meanwhile do not seem to be inimical to it, whatever may be said about it. Be careful not to say you will not comply with their wishes. Be upon your guard also not to promise that

you will; and above all, let not a word I say escape you." This more than sisterly kindness greatly affected Zoa. She threw her arms round Herminia's neck, and tenderly embraced her.

Alphonso arrived. Herminia expressed so much pleasure on seeing him again, that the Duchess could not help noticing it.—She was a great deal more chearful than usual the whole of the evening, and seemed more friendly and affable to every one around her. She appeared to receive more satisfaction from her friends, smiled frequently without any apparent reason, and even sometimes without attending to what had been said. In fact she was anxious to hide her real sensations, and she took every occasion to display a forced chearfulness and good humour, in order the better to effect it. Alphonso could scarcely find an opportunity to speak to her; nor did he leave the drawing-room in the evening, as usual, but continued there till the Duchess retired to her chamber.

What lovers are not imprudent, after long absence? Alphonso and Herminia conversed together with so little reserve the following day, that every one noticed it, particularly those who had been secretly prejudiced against them by the Countess.—Among the rest was the commandant, who could not conceive it possible for an heiress to be in love with a young man possessed of neither rank nor fortune, or that he could have the audacity to aspire to her hand, under such circumstances. He would not allow that any thing less than extensive possessions could inspire any one with a reasonable motive of hope for such a distinguished alliance. He respected rank from principle, but riches from inclination; for no one was ever fonder of dining sumptuously, at the expense of others, than the commandant. He was of course much surprised to observe the mutual affection which seemed apparently to exist between Alphonso and Herminia, and he was not a man at any time backward in tea-table scandal. He expressed the utmost astonishment how this provincialist could possibly contrive to captivate Herminia.—The Countess assured him it was because he was young, handsome, and elegant in his manners and conversation. But this was not enough in the commandant's opinion: he saw many, daily, who could boast of all these advantages, and a fortune besides.

The Duchess retired early to her chamber this evening; but the Countess, who was a great enemy to that plan of Nature by which night is set apart for repose, remained in the drawing-room with the commandant, the Viscountess de Nelmar, and the Chevalier de Normin, till three in the morning, amusing herself at the expense of all her absent friends.

(To be continued.)

CATALOGUE RAISONNEE.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Travels of Lord Viscount Valentia in India, &c. &c. (concluded.)

THE plates with which the work is ornamented are numerous. The subjects are not always chosen in such a manner as to display the most prominent features of the country to be represented: many, indeed, in the first volume, entirely want character, and might pass for views in Wales or Westmoreland. The pencil of a traveller should not always be in search of the picturesque: he is to paint to the understanding rather than to the fancy. At the same time, we must allow that there are numerous views in the work that tend very powerfully to elucidate the text. They are generally well engraved by the best artists.—There are also a series of folio prints, from the drawings of Mr. Salt, acquatinted under the direction of Mr. Havell, and intended to accompany the work.

1. *Sandy Bay Valley, in the Island of St. Helena.* The fore-ground is rich, but it is still overpowered by the prominence of the distance, which is not sufficiently kept down by aerial and misty shadows.

2. *A view near the Roode Sand Pass, at the Cape of Good Hope.* The river winding through the midst of the picture; the perpendicular forms of the nearer mountains; the deep shadows in the fore-ground; and, indeed, not only the objects, but the general tone of light and shadow, render this an excellent composition.

3. *Calcutta.* This is not a good subject for picturesque effect, but is well calculated to give a grand idea of the metropolis of the British Indian empire.

4. *A view within the fort of Mongyr* is an uninteresting and unpicturesque subject. It is likewise executed in, what artists term, a muzzy and indistinct manner.

5. *Ruins of the fort at Juanpore, on the river Goomte.* This richly makes amends for the deficiencies of the last. The river is covered with the boats of the country; on its banks are elephants with their conductors. On the opposite shore rises a hill surmounted by the fort. The brightness of the sky gives consequence to the shadow that involves the eminence on which the fort is situated, and the whole forms a striking and animated picture.

6. *Mosque at Lucknow.* Aquatint engraving is hardly adequate to the expressions of the elegancies of architecture. This is nevertheless well managed, and gives a forcible idea of the beauty of the building.

7. *A view at Lucknow* is at once picturesque and characteristic. The lofty minarets and swelling domes of the Mahomedan mosques have a fine effect through an aerial misty tint. The fore-ground is rather too much overwhelmed in shadow, yet the elephants and figures of the natives enliven it with an interest which a view in England would want.

8. *View near Point de Galle, Ceylon.* This is a view peculiarly rich and characteristic. It would be thought too sunny and obtrusive, as an European landscape; but here it makes its native warmth felt by the spectator.

9. *Pagoda at Ramisseram.* This is shamefully defective in the linear perspective. The level lines on the right have all a false tendency. This destroys the grandeur of the whole.

10. *Pagoda at Tanjore.*

11. *Pagodas at Trinchicunum.*

These are both well executed. The latter is particularly picturesque. The eminence, which at a moderate distance forms the back ground of the subject, is well managed, and sustained in its effect, by the dark water on the left, and the lucid fore-ground on the right. It may be esteemed, also, as a fine characteristic view of the face of the country.

12. *Riacotta, in the Bahamahal.* The effect of this is managed in a manner similar to the last: but it is not so much entitled to

our praise. The trees, particularly one on the right, are stiff, ill-formed clumps, that have a disgusting solidity in their appearance. The flat mountain is a good feature of the country, but the river and fore-ground want brightness.

13. *Poonah.* This is one of the pictures which are valuable for their union of character and beauty. The distance is formed of misty mountains, which gain upon the eye as their ridges become more prominent. Nearer, many lower eminences are crowned with villages and romantic buildings. A wide river, interspersed with islands, occupies the middle of the print, and a dark massive fore-ground appears on the right. The light would be considered too strong and too separated in an English view, but this gives an eastern brilliancy to the whole, which transports us to the climate to which the view belongs.

18. *Ancient excavation at Carli.* This is recommended by its grandeur, and by the interest attached to the subject. It might have been executed in a more clear and decided manner.

15. *The town of Dixan, in Abyssinia.* This is elegant and picturesque. The distant mountains, the neighbouring hill with the cave-like abodes in its sides, and the figures of the natives that people the fore-ground, render the whole truly interesting.

16. *The town of Abba, in Abyssinia.* This has even more characteristic interest than the last. The grandeur in the forms of the mountains on the left, and the curious abodes that crowd their declivities, have a novel aspect, at once pleasing the fancy and satisfying the curiosity. The fore-ground is again peopled with numerous bands of the natives, and exhibits their figures and customs in various points of view.

17. *View near the village of Asceriah, in Abyssinia.*

18. *Mucculla in Abyssinia.*

19. *The Pass of Atbara, in Abyssinia.*

Of these we cannot but speak in the same style of encomium in which we have mentioned the preceding views in Abyssinia. There is, perhaps, a sameness of general effect in the execution, but still the features are engagingly diversified. They are easily perceived to be views in the same country, but they have, nevertheless, such strong discriminating features, that we are highly gratified by the various ideas they suggest with respect to the interesting country in which they are situated.

20. *The Obelisk at Oxum.* This exhibits a striking feature of the former grandeur of this region. The view participates in all the picturesque so eminent in the preceding Abyssinian delineations.

21. *The Mountains of Samayut.* These mountains, which are of a singular form, are remarkable as features of the country. The fore-ground is rich, but the middle shade is rather too abrupt, and too much of a colour with the mountains, which gives the whole a muzzy appearance.

22. *The vale of Calaat.* This is an open subject, in which an extensive plain is seen extending to distant mountains of the most uncommon forms. The whole scene is well calculated for a wild grandeur of effect, but this is spoiled by the brightness and extent of a verdant fore-ground. The dignity of the awful cliff-like mountains on the left is thereby lost. There is, nevertheless, an unusual aspect in the whole, which surprises and interests the spectators.

23. *View of Grand Cairo.* This view is taken from a great eminence, and exhibits an extensive prospect of this large town, with the country beyond it. It is well executed; and although the subject is not adapted to acquatint, there is, nevertheless, much discrimination in the buildings, and much diversity of tint which softens the distance.

24. *The Pyramids of Cairo.* The distance and the sky are the most admirable parts of this view, which in the fore-ground is very defective. The aerial shade, or rather the obscurity of intense light which overspreads the pyramids, has a fine effect, and gives them a magnitude which it would have been impossible, had they been situated in the fore-ground or middle part of the picture.

Historic Anecdotes and Secret Memoirs of the Legislative Union between Great Britain and Ireland. By Sir Jonah Barrington, Judge of the High Court of Admiralty in Ireland, &c. &c.

We have, for some time, expected to see a work of this nature. Great political changes in a country are always accompanied by so much injury to individuals, that we may expect to hear, if not the accurate history of the event, at least the full detail of the grievances which it has originated. The Irish Union was a measure too large and sweeping not to have produced those real or presumed injuries; and it has excited our surprise, that among the thousands who have suffered, and are still suffering, but one man has been found to give the narrative of an event which forms a distinguished epoch in the political history of the empire.

The author prefaces his work by a brief statement of the predisposing events of the Union. There may be a certain degree of not unamiable prejudice, a certain honourable partiality in the feeling with which he seems disposed to think of the sufferings of his country, but his statement is strongly supported by circumstances; and we cannot, in this our cooler moment of decision, avoid expressing our astonishment at the oppression exercised towards that unhappy country, and the patience with which it was borne.

We can now discover that the policy pursued by the British cabinet, in the late administration of Ireland, was unwise. The man by whose instigation it was adopted has now become a subject of history; and those, by whose agency it was perpetrated, have made themselves obnoxious, to the contempt of every honest man in the British empire.

From the settlement under Henry the Second, to the commencement of the 18th century, Ireland was not an object of any civil regulation. The form of her government was not honoured with even the most spurious title of the most spurious policy. The country was wasted by internal divisions; the rude struggle of one sect against another; a desperate bloody individual struggle, that wasted life without fame, or profit, or pride. English troops occasionally swept the island—drove back the banditti of heroic savages: but on their retreat, the tribes issued from their fastnesses; and the same ruinous contest was renewed with fresh violence and more extensive ruin.

It cannot be denied, that in even those efforts of the uncultivated mind of the Irish there were occasional exhibitions of all the virtues of a high-minded, nobly-gifted people. In the great insurrection in the reign of the first Charles against the usurpers of their estates, they displayed a concert in the enterprise, and a courage in its progress, that often obtained the unwilling praise of their opponents.

But the people were sinking—the population of an island, which is adequate to the support of ten millions, rapidly decreased to less than one million; and in the sight of English property, and in the sight of English freedom, was to be found a country destitute of the power of feeding its scattered population of 700,000 slaves. Here was a noble object for the policy of a protecting nation. The English statesman might have here made the most honourable of all experiments in favour of humanity. The policy of England, allowing it to be of the lowest and most near-sighted rank, should have been to make Ireland a productive colony. But if we are to allow that the persons who then guided the British councils were capable of an object, it was to stop the progress of Ireland, to make of the dependency a burthen, and of the ally an enemy. Lest Ireland should become rich, and minister to English necessities, her trade was prohibited—lest her superabundant population should gradually recruit the English armies, it was put under bar and anathema, and forced into the service of her enemies.

Of such materials is the wisdom of statesmen made. They felt that they were able to coerce, and seemed to feel that the only art of government was coercion.—Coercion produced resistance. The resistance of a people who had still the sword drawn in their hands—who still retained the memory of their forefathers—and who had nothing to lose but that life of which it was

their national pride to be prodigal, was too formidable not to have awakened some consideration in even those *vigorous* statesmen. The remedy was conciliation or treachery; an open, generous, manly share of advantages, or a base, cowardly, underhand system of stratagem, that might disable the nation from demanding or enjoying, if they demanded them. They succeeded, for a time, in making Ireland powerless, but it was by making her almost irreconcileably hostile—by arming one party of misguided men against another—by sowing mortal enmities in the land—by the waste of English-Irish blood—by exasperating national rights into national revenge—and by making Ireland, at this moment, the quarter from which but a single blow needs be dealt against the life of the British empire.

This season of turbulence gradually subsided. The eruption had ceased, but its ruins still disfigured the land. The fierce and burning stream which had swept every thing before it, gradually stopt its course, and its surface even seemed to be clothed with the common fertility. But it still burned and flowed below, ready, at the first burst from its original source, to blaze again, and pour along all its terrible materials, to swell the torrent of a new and more wide-spreading devastation. Some of those singular events which sometimes are offered to the fortune of nations as well as of individuals, concured, about the year 1780, to give a new impulse to Ireland. By a former stipulation, the British minister had agreed to retain 12000 troops of the line in Ireland, for its defence against invasion. In the American war, the people, roused by the preparations in the French ports, discovered that this force had been drafted by small portions to the colonies. Ninety thousand men, of all ranks and faiths, came forward, armed and equipped at their own expence, to defend their own shores. For this service they claimed a constitution. They had showed themselves able to defend their country, and they demanded that their country should be made worth defending. They obtained the constitution, after a series of efforts which only served to display the high capacity of the Irish character. We have paused upon the mention of those men and their successes, because it is from those solitary instances of virtue that whatever is beneficial in history is to be derived. The heart is wearied, and not profited, by the intricate detail of unfeeling artifice or overwhelming lust of power. There must be some occasional respite, some occasional proof that virtue may exist and triumph, some passing presence of those grand and lofty forms of excellence which seem to have casually mingled with the meanness of our world, and move before our eye—at once to exalt it by their superiority, and enlighten it by their splendour. The Irish nation still venerates the memory of the volunteers of 82. They come, as if to the shrine of those patriots, to be healed of their political miseries, to look upon the hallowed and honoured materials of the great qualities which they shewed forth, and to receive from the very soil that holds their reliques the inspiration of public virtue.

Yet it cannot be doubted that the fears of the British cabinet were excited by the spirit which started up to save Ireland; and that those warriors, who from helots had become freemen, were equally marked out for a dark vengeance, after the day of service and of triumph was pas . Ireland, from an object of contempt, inst ntly became an object of jealousy. The minister had seen independence wrung from his fears, but he strove to retrieve his error, by withdrawing trade. In 1785 a series of propositions, to stifle the young aspirations of Irish commerce, were brought forward by the English secretary; but the Irish were now in the possession of their rights, and they retained them with a firm hand. From this time an union was resolved on. We cannot enter into the more minute measures by which this conception was ripened.

England is still powerful and free; but the situation of the sister nation should not be lost upon her. Her constitution was endeared to Ireland by its novelty, by its value, by the price which she paid for it. She lost it in a moment of carelessness. We remember the glory of that light

which awoke Ireland, and rose from splendour to splendour, till every spot of her soil was visited. But it was eclipsed in the meridian of its course. There was no soft decay, no rich and lovely colouring, no mild and shadowy gradations of its evening lustre, no fading and cloudy image to reflect and retain the ray that was sinking below the horizon, no promise of another light—a grateful substitute for the strong splendour of the greater luminary. The darkness was instantaneous;—an eclipse at noon, and sorrow and perplexity fell upon the nation.

Sir Jonah Barrington has brought to his work one of the first qualifications for a historian—an intimate knowledge of his subject.

"Quæque ipse miserrima vidi, et quorum pars magna fui," might have been selected by him for his motto, without offending against the strictness of the quotation. His arrangement of facts appears to us singularly perspicuous; and his style, though not free from occasional quaintnesses, yet, in general, polished and classical. The style is one of the peculiarities of this very peculiar performance, and perhaps Sir Jonah values himself upon the sparkling point and laborious elegance which it uniformly exhibits. But it may be worth his meditation to revolve whether the point which amuses us by its novelty may not fatigue us by its recurrence; whether the greatest merit of an historian style may not consist in keeping the machinery and measure of the style out of sight; and lastly, whether it be not of the nature of things, that what delights us in the paragraphs of a light pamphlet, may produce a different effect in the pages of a solid quarto.

The plan of our criticism does not admit of extended extracts; but we could not deprive ourselves of the pleasure of giving distinct praise to the character from which we have made the following casual quotations.—

"In the Earl of Clare we find a man eminently gifted with the talents for either a blessing or a curse to the nation (*which*) he inhabited.

"He hated powerful talents, because he feared them; he trampled on modest merit, because it was incapable of resistance. Authoritative and peremptory in his address, commanding, able, and arrogant in his language, a daring contempt for public opinion seemed to be the fatal principle which misguided his conduct; and Ireland became divided between the friends of his patronage, and the enemies of his tyranny. While he held the seals in Ireland, he united a vigorous capacity with the most striking errors: as a judge, he collected facts with a rapid precision, and decided on them with a prompt asperity. Depending too much on the strength of his own judgment, he hated and despised the highest legal authorities, because they were not his own.

"He gave too loose a rein to all his impressions; consequently, the neutrality of the judge occasionally yielded to the irritation of the moment, and equity became at times the victim of dispatch and the sacrifice of pertinacity.

"As a politician, the era of his reign was the downfall of his country. His councils accelerated what his policy might have suppressed, and have marked the annals of his reign with stains and miseries indelible.

"In council, Lord Clare, rapid, peremptory, and overbearing, regarded promptness of execution rather than discretion of arrangement, and piqued himself more on expertness of thought, than sobriety of judgment. Through all the calamities of Ireland, the mild tone of conciliation never escaped his lips; and when the torrent of civil war had subsided in the country, he held out no olive, to shew that the deluge had receded."

This work is handsomely printed, and ornamented with some admirable portraits. The author has even in his outset exhibited abilities of a superior order. We took up his book with expectation, we read it with interest, and laid it down with regret. We are anxious for the remaining parts of a work from which we expect to derive so much important knowledge of the state of Ireland. The British people are generous and lovers of justice. A cabinet may betray or insult national rights, but this people have

participated in neither the profit nor the crime. They feel that they have a common cause with Ireland, and they know that to make men struggle as becomes those who are under the tutelage of the British constitution, they must have freedom to fight for, and nothing less than the freedom of the British constitution; a broad and general light, fertilizing where it falls, towering above the passing clouds and little obscurities, that rise only to be scattered by its beam; from its grand elevation pouring an equal and unimpeded brightness upon all: not the partial blaze, the sudden burst of a volcano, throwing its dazzling and disastrous glare on one portion of the land, while it covers the other with impenetrable darkness, and showers it with fire and ruin.

CATALOGUE OF NEW MUSIC.

Sonata for the Piano Forte, with an accompaniment for the violin or flute (ad libitum,) composed by J. F. Burrowes. Op. 4. 4s.

There are several passages in the first movement of this Sonata which have the marks of a young composer, but the style is upon the whole pleasing and unassuming. The Rondo is somewhat similar, in its construction, to the Finale of Pleyel's celebrated Concertante. The best passage is that beginning at the 6th bar of the 6th line, page 10; but of the three movements, we decidedly give the preference to the Adagio, which is elegant and expressive in its melody, and scientific in its arrangement. The introduction of the subject in the bass, 3d line, page 9, is an excellent feature; and we regret that this idea was not pursued farther.

Ninth Divertimento for the piano forte, containing an appropriate prelude and pastorale rondo; composed, and dedicated to Miss H. Fitzgerald, by J. B. Cramer. 5s.

We differ very much from Mr. Cramer, when he calls the prelude to this Divertimento *appropriate*. If it be appropriate to prefix an excellent prelude to an indifferent Divertimento, certainly this is appropriate: but according to our ideas, it would be just as appropriate to precede "The Exile," for instance, or "Kais," or any such miserable stuff, with one of Garrick's excellent prologues. There is none of the originality or invention we are accustomed to meet with in Mr. J. Cramer's productions.

Vive la Dance; a selection of the most admired country dances, arranged as duets for the piano forte, by eminent Authors. No. I. 2s.

This First Number is arranged by Mr. Blewitt, but we do not think that he has been remarkably successful. The subject he has chosen is called "The Fairy Dance," which is one of the most monotonous (especially the first part) that we ever heard.—The only modulation is to the 5th of the key. The flat 7th is merely introduced in a passing way in the coda. We do not expect much science to be displayed in the arrangement of Country Dances; but when they are said to be by eminent authors, we certainly expect something much better than what Mr. Blewitt has here presented to the public.

Sonata for the piano forte, in which are introduced the airs of 'My own dear Somebody,' and 'The Sicilian Mariner's Hymn;' by J. B. Cramer. (Letter D.) 4s.

This Sonata is in Mr. Cramer's familiar, easy style. The well-known Airs are ingeniously arranged, and the Sonata altogether evinces much of the sweetness of melody and refined taste for which Mr. J. Cramer is so justly celebrated.

CATALOGUE OF NEW MUSIC.

Farewel, my Love, adieu, a duet, composed by Mrs. Dickons (of Covent Garden Theatre.) 2s. 6d.

There are three movements in this duet. The first an andante, the second an allegro, and the third an andante, similar to the first. The allegro is rather common-place; but the andante contains several pleasing passages. We think it would be better if, where the words "thy sorrows rest" occur, (last line, page 3) the last D in the treble were altered to a B natural.—At present the effect is rather monotonous.

The hacknied passage of triplets (page 6) is very injudiciously marked to be repeated; and the last movement is too much spun out. The words *adieu* and *farewell* are so often repeated as to become quite tiresome.

In page 2, where the bass descends from F to D, (third bar,) the accompaniment should form the common chord of D, instead of the harmony of F being continued in the second bar, page 3. The C should be heard in the treble accompaniment, at the beginning of the bar, in order to resolve the preceding discord of the tritone. The lower notes in the bass (bar 2, page 7) should be three Cs instead of Ds. In the last page, the second note in the 6th bar of the lower voice should be marked sharp, and the three last bass notes of bar 12 should be E, G, and C.

How sweet when the Nightingale sings in the Grove; a song, with an accompaniment for the piano forte or harp, composed by Sir J. Stevenson. 1s. 6d.

Simplicity seems to have been the principal object aimed at in this song, and in the attainment of this object Sir J. Stevenson has succeeded. The abrupt effect of the two bass notes (3d bar, page 2) would be altered for the better, by making the preceding rest a crotchet instead of a quaver rest.

A Duet for the piano forte, in which is introduced the Air of "O dolce Concento," with variations by Mr. Latour. 3s.

"Away with Melancholy" (the name by which the air called "O dolce Concento" is much better known) seems to be a great favorite of Mr. Latour. He has before arranged it, with a great number of variations, for the piano forte and flute, and he has now adapted it for two performers on the piano forte.

The present arrangement is much easier of execution than the other, and there is very little originality either in the pastoral which precedes the air, or in the construction of the variations which follow it.

To the class of pupils, however, for which it seems to have been designed, it may prove an useful little exercise.

Divertimento for the piano forte, in which are introduced "Mary's Dream," and a Waltz a la Pandour; composed by Louis Von Esch. 3s.

The introduction to this divertimento is merely a *rumbling* of the common chord of E flat minor, which is followed by what Mr. Von Esch calls the "Calm of a dream." This is the first time we ever heard of such a thing being set to music.—Mr. Von Esch must certainly have been dreaming when he attempted to express that which is absolutely inexpressible.

The fine melody of "Mary's Dream" is tolerably well arranged; but the variation (there is but one) is in too *scrambling* a style. The melody is quite lost, and frittered away in long unmeaning flourishes.

The waltz is pretty, but has nothing peculiary characterestic in it. We see no reason why it should be entitled *a la Pandour*, except that it might, perhaps, have a more *catching* effect in the title page, by inducing purchasers to suppose it was composed in a novel style. The B natural in the bass (bar 19, page 4) is in reality a C flat, and should have been marked so.

We have seen several compositions by Mr. Von Esch that we prefer to this; but in general there is too much of *musical coxcomicality* and affectation about this gentleman's productions.

CATALOGUE OF NEW MUSIC.

Songs for the German Flute or Violin, composed by Thomas Gordon, Esq. 5s.

This is the first time we have met with songs composed for the flute or violin. We have seen songs before, accompanied by these instruments, or arranged for them.—We found, however, upon looking over the melodies, sufficient to account for these Songs being left without any bass; for any person capable of adding proper harmonies to a melody would never have written such trash. We therefore conclude that Thomas Gordon, Esq. omitted the bass, from not knowing how to add one. When Mr. Gordon tells us that those notes which do not come within the compass of the German flute may be played an octave higher, he forgot to inform us how those notes were to be sung which do not come within the compass of the voice. Mr. Gordon's science does not seem even to amount to a knowledge of how the different times are marked, or even the proper signatures for the most simple keys; as a proof of which, he has marked the song No. 4, which is in the time of 3-4, with 6-4. To No. 5, which is in the key of G, he has given the signature of the key of C. We should be glad to be informed by Mr. Gordon how a crotchet, a dotted quaver, and a semi-quaver (vide page 16) are to be sung to a single syllable. There is scarcely a bar but what affords instances of wrong accent; and the whole collection affords the most complete specimen of conceit, ignorance, and presumption that has ever been presented at the bar of musical criticism. We observe that Mr. Preston has had the good sense to avoid publishing this ridiculous stuff upon his own account.

Three Voluntaries, for the Organ or Piano Forte, by Samuel Webbe, jun. 6s.

From the circumstance of these Voluntaries being dedicated to Mr. Wesley, we naturally anticipated that Mr. Webbe would exert himself to the utmost of his abilities in order to render them worthy of that distinction. In that expectation we have not been altogether disappointed: but we should have been more satisfied if Mr. Webbe had adapted them more particularly for the organ alone, or the piano forte alone. The styles of the two instruments are so incompatible with each other, that what is calculated for the genius of one, can never be heard without considerable disadvantage on the other. By endeavouring to unite these opposite styles, Mr. Webbe's Voluntaries are neither one thing nor the other. The introduction of harpeggio passages in the bass, and other piano forte passages, spoils the effect of these Voluntaries, when played on the organ; and the syncopated and long-holding notes are quite lost, when performed on the piano forte. The first of these Voluntaries is in D, and is principally remarkable for its running bass. The second is in C, and is rather short. The last is in C, and is a spirited, showy movement.—There is perhaps not sufficient contrast or variety of style in the three Voluntaries; and we were much surprised at not finding any fugue. There is certainly much science displayed in these compositions; but we must confess we expected something better from the pen of one whose great talents are so universally acknowledged as those of Mr. Webbe, jun.

Infelice ove son; the prison scene in the Opera of Sidagero, composed by Signor Guglielmi. 3s, 6d.

The principal part of this Scene consists of an accompanying recitative, in which there are a few expressive passages: but upon the whole, it is monotonous and common-place.

The popular Air of "The Widow Waddle," composed by Mr. Reeve, arranged as a Rondo by S. Wesley. 2s.

The admirable manner in which Mr. Wesley has arranged this pleasing melody is such as will afford a tolerably good specimen (to those who have not had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Wesley play) of that gentleman's inimitable skill and ingenuity in improving upon the most simple and trifling subjects. The part with which we were most pleased ourselves is that beginning at the end of the first line, page 4, and the in-

CATALOGUE OF NEW MUSIC.

troduction of the subject in the bass. This style of arranging popular airs will always be acceptable to us; and we wish Mr. Wesley would oftener favour us with these elegant trifles.

L'Encouragement; a military air Allemande for the piano forte; by J. Davies. 4s. 6d.

We are by no means inclined to encourage by our approbation the publication of such trifling compositions as the present. The plates are disfigured by numerous errors, which it would be a loss of time to point out.

The Camp, a grand Military Piece for the piano forte, in which are introduced characteristic airs; composed by Louis Von Esch. 4s.

From the contemptible scratching, intended for an engraving, which defaces the title-page, we almost suppose it to be one Signor Lempriere's childish publications.—We were surprised to see the respectable name of Birchall as the publisher: we thought he had been above lending his name to the publication of such trumpery. He should have left it to Messrs. Bland and Weller, who are famous for these *caricature* kind of title-pages.——Upon looking over the music, however, we did not think the title-page so very unappropriate. The music is equally childish. The whole publication is in fact only calculated to catch the eye and please the ears of little masters and misses. Instead of "A Grand Military Piece," it should have been entitled "A Medley of old, worn-out, vulgar Tunes." As a proof, we give the following list of the airs Mr. Von Esch has introduced—'The Morning Reveille,' 'The Rouse,' 'My native Land I bade adieu,' 'When the hollow Drum,' 'To arms,' 'The Soldier, tir'd,' 'Drums and Fifes,' 'The White Cockade.' We are really sorry that Mr. Von Esch should degrade himself in this manner.

The favourite recitative and air "Del mio sen la dolce calma," in the Opera of Sidagero, composed by Signor Guglielmi.

The introductory symphony to the Recitative is merely the old crescendo passage. The air itself, though not original, is pleasing, unaffected, and expressive of the words. There is one excellent passage in the two first bars of page 3. The introduction of the F natural is unexpected, and produces a very masterly effect.

The Frantic Maid, a ballad, composed by Sir J. Stevenson, Mus. D. 1s. 6d.

There is much sweetness in the melody of this Ballad, particularly in the first part. In the bass, the beginning of the 4th bar, page 4, an F would be better than the E, as the highest note: the consecutive octaves that now occur would then be avoided. The accompaniment of the 2d bar, 3d line, p. 2, should be marked natural. In the 6th bar, page 3, there should be a G introduced with a B and E, in the bass. At present there are two octaves and a fifth without any third.

A favourite Irish Melody, arranged as a Rondo by J. B. Cramer, (Clementi's collection, No. 35.) 3s.

After a few chords, and a *spreading* of the harmony of the dominant, by way of "introduzione," Mr. Cramer sets off with one of the most sprightly and animated melodies that we have heard for some time, and the subject is kept up through several different keys, and treated with appropriate playfulness and fancy throughout. This is one of the best Numbers we have yet seen of Clementi's Collection.

The Separation; a song, with an accompaniment, &c. by V. Novello.

Both the melody and harmony of this air have evidently the stamp of the master: the rhythmus is perfectly correct, and the short portions of intermediate symphony most judiciously managed. We cannot but regret that the words to each strain consist only of *four* lines; whereas the extent of the music amounts to *eight*, and consequently the repetition is too frequent. This, however, is so far from any disparagement to the melody, that we could relish the whole as well (if not better, perhaps) without the words altogether. We wish, at the same time, to have it understood, that the expression of the sentiments is perfect; and conclude with felicitating the composer upon the success of a piece comparatively trifling with the musical powers he is so well known to possess.

BOTANY.

THE STUDY OF BOTANY.

By Robert John Thornton, a Lecturer on Botany, at Guy's Hospital.

THE tempests of Winter are past, then Spring advancing, her radiant bow encircled with a wreath of flowers, smiles upon the joyous earth. Her breath is sweet as the balmy breezes of the morning: her robe comprises the variegated colours of the rainbow; and her countenance is bright as the splendors with which Aurora decks the chambers of the east, when she opens the gates of the morning, before the chariot of the sun. Where'er she treads creation smiles: flowers start from under her feet, and all nature feels the renovating influence. Now, a thousand flowers expand their radiant hues to the day, and throw to the soft air the most exquisite perfumes.

"Behold, the rigid Winter's o'er,
The brumal rains descend no more;
Now all around the teeming earth
Pours forth her fair luxuriant birth;
And laughing Spring, with genial showers,
Awakes to life the blushing flowers:
Hark! how the feather'd chorists sing,
And, conscious, plume the trembling wing!
The nightingale, the thorns among,
Sweetly warbling, trills her song;
And now the turtle tells his tale,
Soft cooing in the humid vale;
Through ev'ry glade, through ev'ry grove,
He pours the dulcet voice of love."

———"The man
Whom Nature's works can charm, with God himself
Holds converse.—
—Some within a finer mould
Are wrought, and temper'd with a purer flame.
To these the Sire Omnipotence unfolds
The world's harmonious volume, there to read
The transcript of himself. On every part
They trace the bright impressions of his hand;
In earth or air, the meadow's purple stores."

A thousand pleasing, cheerful objects surround me on all sides. Every thing in nature seems combined to fill my mind with the sweetest and purest delights, and to lead my heart towards God. Every object that excites my admiration inclines me to look up to Him as the source and giver of all that we enjoy. Each flower is a proof of His power, a mark of His existence, and a hymn to His praise. It would have been a great instance of God's goodness to have pleased the eyes alone with the wonderful variety in the vegetable kingdom; but He has graciously added to the other charms of flowers that of sweet perfumes; and there is as much variety in their smell as in the flowers themselves.

The young mind is always delighted with rural scenery. The earliest poetry was pastoral, and every juvenile poet of the present day delights to indulge in the luxuriance of a rural description. A taste for these pleasures will render the morning-walk at least as delightful as the evening assembly. The various forms which Nature assumes in the vicissitudes of the seasons will constitute a source of complacency which can never be exhausted. How grateful to the senses the freshness of the herbage, the fragrancy of the flowers, all those simple delights of the field, which the poets have, from the earliest ages, no less justly than exuberantly described!—"It is all mere fiction," exclaims the man of the world, "the produce of a visionary poet."—He feels not, he cannot feel their truth. He sees no charms in herbs and blossoms; the melody of the grove is no music to his ear; and this happens because he has lost, by his own fault, those tender sensibilities which Nature had bestowed. They are still daily perceived in all their perfection by the ingenuous and innocent, and they have been most truly described by feeling poets, as contributing to pure, real, and very exalted delight.

BOTANY.

It is not without a sigh that a thinking man can pass a lordly mansion, the sweet retreat deserted by its falsely-refined possessor, who is studiously carousing in some tavern of a polluted city. When he sees the chimney without smoke in the venerable house where all the country was once welcomed to partake of princely hospitality, he cannot help lamenting that progress of refinement which, in rendering the descendants of the great fine gentlemen, has left them something less than man, through the defect of manly virtues. The superintendence of a garden might of itself occupy a life elegantly and pleasurably. Nothing is better able to gratify the inherent passion of novelty; for Nature is always renewing her variegated appearance. She is infinite in her productions, and the life of man may come to its close before he has seen half the pictures which she is able to display. The taste for gardening in England is at present pure. Nature is restored to her throne, and reigns majestically beautiful in rude magnificence. The country abounds with cultivated tracts, truly paradisaical. But as the contemplative observer roams over the lawn, and enjoys the shade of the weeping willow, he is often led to inquire, " Where is now the owner of this wilderness of sweets? Happy man!" he exclaims, " to possess such a spot as this, and to be able at all times to taste the pleasure which I feel springing in my bosom."—But, alas! the owner is engaged in other scenes; he is rattling over the streets of London, and pursuing all the sophisticated joys which succeed to supply the place where Nature is relinquished.

I look upon the pleasure which we take in a garden as one of the most innocent delights in human life. A garden was the habitation of our first parents before the fall: it is naturally apt to fill the mind with calmness and tranquillity, and to lay all its turbulent passions at rest; it gives us a great insight into the contrivance and wisdom of Providence, and suggests in numerable subjects for meditation. I cannot but think the very complacency and satisfaction which a man takes in these works of Nature to be a most laudable and virtuous habit of mind.

If we believe the Scriptures, we must allow that God Almighty esteemed the life of man in a garden the happiest he could give him. Eden signifies pleasure, and the idea of pleasure is inseparable from that of a garden. In short, a garden has been the inclination of virtuous kings, and the choice of philosophers, the common favorite of public and private men, the pleasure of the greatest, and the care of the meanest; an employment and a profession for which no man is too high nor too low.

A garden weeds the mind; it weeds it of worldly thoughts, and sows celestial seed in their stead.

For what see we there but what awakens in us our gratitude to Heaven?

What a rich present from Heaven of sweet insense to men, was wafted in that breeze! What a delightful entertainment of sight glows on yonder bed, as if, in kindly showers, the watery bow had shed all its brilliant colours on it!

Here are no objects that fire the passions; none that do not instruct the understanding, and better the heart, while they delight the sense, but not the sense of worldly-minded men.

To them the tulip has no colours, the rose no scent: their palate for pleasure is so deadened as to leave no sensibility for the softer impressions, no relish for those philosophic or moral sentiments which the verdant walk, clear stream, embowering shade, pendent fruit, or rising flower, those speechless, not powerless orators, ever praising their great Author, inspire.

There will always be many, in a rich and civilised country, who, as they are born to the enjoyment of competent estates, engage not in business, civil or professional; but the restless mind must either find or make an object; pleasure, therefore, becomes to the unemployed a serious pursuit. Whatever is its essence, and whatever the declaimer may urge against it, pleasure will be sought by all who possess the liberty of election. It becomes then incumbent on the moralist not only to urge the performance of duty, but to exhibit objects that please, without enervating the mind, and

BOTANY.

gratify desire without corrupting the principles.

Rural scenes, of almost every kind, are delightful to the mind of man. The verdant plain, the flowery mead, the meandering strain, the playful lamb, the warbling of birds, are all capable of exciting emotions gently agreeable. But the misfortune is, that the greater part are hurried on the career of life with too groat rapidity, to be able to give attention to that which solicits no passion. The darkest habitation in the dirtiest street of the metropolis, where money can be earned, has greater charms with many than the groves of Hagley.

Yet the patron of refined pleasure, the elegant Epicurus, fixed the seat of his enjoyment in a garden. He thought a tranquil spot, furnished with the united sweets of art and nature, the best adapted to delicate repose; and even the severer philosophers of antiquity were wont to discourse in the shade of a spreading tree, in some cultivated plantation.

It is obvious that nature often intended solely to please the eye in her vegetable productions. She decorates the flowret that springs beneath our feet in all the perfection of external beauty. She has clothed the garden with a constant succession of various hues; even the leaves of the tree undergo a pleasing vicissitude. The fresh verdure they exhibit in the spring, the various shades they assume in summer, the yellow and russet tinge of autumn, and the nakedness of winter, afford a constant pleasure to a picturesque imagination. From the snowdrop to the mossrose, the flower-garden displays an infinite variety of shape and colour. The taste of the florist has been ridiculed as trifling; yet surely without reason. Did Nature bring forth the tulip and the lily, the rose and the honeysuckle, to be neglected by the haughty pretender to superior reason? To omit a single social duty for the cultivation of a polyanthus were ridiculous, as well as criminal; but to pass by the beauties lavished before us, without observing them, is no less ingratitude than stupidity. A bad heart finds little amusement but in a communication with the active world, where scope is given for the indulgence of malignant passions; but an amiable disposition is commonly known by a taste for the beauties of the vegetable creation.

It may be objected, as it undoubtedly will, that such *a knowledge* is undeserving the *attention* it requires. I grant with those, that merely to acquire the names, without the attributes of plants, is an employment of a trifling kind; but Botany, considered as *a science,* enlarges greatly our conceptions of the Creator, and improves our understandings. Are we to be *told,* and *believe,* that the wonderful works of God are undeserving the attention of man?—that what He hath contrived with such consummate skill is to be passed over with inattention and disregard?—that ignorance is the fit condition of man?—that we are to trample over the plants of our country without exercising any curiosity to examine into their nature and fabrication? I will not go so far as to call this language direct impiety against the Creator, who has kindly placed us in this world, and presented us with suitable objects for our admiration, contemplation, and benefit; but I will be bold to assert, from experience, that such pleaders for *ignorance* are generally the misemployers of their own time, or of so low a cast of mind as always to envy and speak against those acquisitions they do not themselves possess; and, like the vicious, not contented with sinning alone, ever wish to draw over others into the same condition. There are, on the other hand, a multitude of superior spirits; for only look into your own breast, and you will find there are persons born, not to consume the fruits of the earth *(nos fruges consumere nati)* and then to perish, but who delight in every laudable acquisition. These are the true prototypes of the infinitely wise Creator. Instead of possessing a few confined ideas, their minds range over the varied forms of creative power; and stored with many branches of genuine science, they appear, truly, beings only a little lower than the angels, and can look up as *men* with proper gratitude to that Being, whose goodness, power, and excellence they have

BOTANY.

traced and felt in the *great book of Nature* laid before them.

Nor does the advantage of the study of Botany rest only in exalting our conceptions of the Deity. "Whoever," says an ingenious writer *, "has turned his mind so as to comprehend the extensive system of the vegetable kingdom, in the manner as at present taught, and has traced this system through its various connections and relations, either descending from generals to particulars, or ascending by a gradual progress from individuals to classes, till it embraces the whole vegetable world, will, by the mere exercise of the faculties employed for this purpose, acquire an habit of arrangement, a perception of order, of distinction, and subordination, which it is not perhaps in the nature of any other study so effectually to bestow. In this view, the examination of the vegetable kingdom seems peculiarly proper for youth—to whose unperverted minds the study of natural objects is always an interesting occupation, and who will not only find in this employment an innocent and an healthful amusement, but will familiarise themselves to that regular train of ideas, that perception of relation between parts and the whole, which is of use not only in every other department of natural knowledge, but in all the concerns of life."

"Independent too of the habits of order and arrangement which will thus be established, it may justly be observed, that the bodily senses are highly improved by that accuracy and observation which are necessary to discriminate the various objects that pass in review before them. This improvement may be carried to a degree of which those who are inattentive to it have no idea. The sight of Linnæus was so penetrating, that he is said never to have used a glass, even in his minutest inquiries. But our own neighbourhood affords a striking instance of an individual *, who, although wholly deprived of sight, has improved his other senses, his touch, his smell, and his taste, to such a degree, as to distinguish all the native plants of this country with an accuracy not attained by many of those who have the advantage of sight, and which justly entitles him to rank with the first botanists of this kingdom."

Independent of the propriety of the creature admiring the works of the beneficent Creator, and of the advantages resulting to the individual who attaches himself to this study, as enlarging the understanding, and rendering his mind more orderly in every concern of life, and his senses more acute, he will find that there results also from the pursuit of botany the most *heartfelt satisfaction.*

"Avoiding mankind," says the immortal *Rousseau,* "seeking solitude, no longer under the dominion of fancy, and indisposed towards laborious reflection; possessing, nevertheless, a lively temperament, which would not allow me to sink into a melancholy indifference, I began to consider those objects of nature which encompassed me, and the choice fell to the study of Botany, for the following reasons:—

"The *Mineral Kingdom* presented to me nothing in itself that was lovely or attractive. Its riches, which are inclosed in the bowels of the earth, seemed as if buried there not to excite the avarice of mankind. To profit from this study demanded that I should be a *chemist,* and make the most painful and expensive experiments, work in laboratories, expend much money and time in coals, furnaces, crucibles, retorts, amidst smoke and *stifling* vapours, always at the *expence* of health, and oftentimes at the *hazard* of life.

"The *Animal Kingdom* is much more within our reach, and certainly merits our regard. Nevertheless, has not this study its difficulties, its embarrassments, its expences, and its disgusts? How are we to observe, dissect, study, know, the birds flying in the air—the fishes swimming in the waters—the quadrupeds avoiding our pursuit as swift as the wind, or capable of resistance, and not more disposed to offer themselves for my observations, than I to run after them, in order that I might possess the plea-

* Roscoe, of Liverpool.

† Mr. Gough, of Kendal.

sure of examining them? Am I to pass a great part of my life in being put out of breath by running after butterflies, impaling of little insects which I may have entangled, and in the examination of snails and worms? This study also requires a knowledge of *Anatomy*. By this alone we are enabled to class animals, and distinguish the different genera. We must, therefore, study animals dead, dissect them, skeletonize them, and rake, at leisure, their palpitating vitals. What a frightful apparatus is required for an anatomical theatre! It is not, upon my honour, in such a place that *John James Rousseau* will seek his instructions: and to study the manners and dispositions of animals requires the game-keeper, the fisherman, and fowler, and the expence of a vast menagerie, where animals must undergo a deprivation of *liberty*, be confined in narrow cages, and exhibit the frightful images of constraint, ennui, inquietude, slavery, and torture, which no private advantages can justify.

" *Brilliant flowers!* the enamel of the meadows; ye refreshing shades, rivers, bowers, verdure! come purify my imagination, already polluted by such an *hideous idea*. My soul, dead to all the great movements in life, can only be affected by *innocent* scenes; from its sensibility alone can be derived to it either pleasure or pain. Attracted by *flowers*, which present themselves on every side, I observe, I contemplate them, I compare them; in a word, I class them; and I become so far a *Botanist* as one would wish, who studies nature, so as to derive from this pursuit an unceasing *satisfaction* or *contentment*. To attain this knowledge I have no expensive works to purchase, nor the trouble of diving into abstruse commentators; the book presented me by Nature is devoid of difficulties and errata. I pass over it with ease from herb to herb, from plant to plant, to compare their different characters, to remark their agreements and disagreements, in short, to examine their respective structures, to search into their laws, the reason, and the end, of these animated machines—to give myself up to the charms of unceasing admiration and gratitude towards that Being who hath granted me all this indulgence.

" *Plants* appear to have been profusely scattered over the earth, as the stars in the firmament, to invite man, by the attractions of curiosity and pleasure, to their contemplation. But the stars of heaven are placed at a distance from us. To possess this knowledge requires a previous acquaintance with the *mathematics*, instruments, machines, and a long artificial ladder, to bring them within our scope. *Plants*, on the contrary, grow under our very feet, and seem to *invite* our hands; and if the minuteness of their essential parts sometimes evade our sight, the instruments for their examination are comparatively trifling—a needle and a magnifying-glass, or, at most, a pocket-microscope, is all the apparatus required.

" The *Botanist* at every walk pleasantly glides from object to object; each flower he reviews excites in him curiosity and interest; and as soon as he comprehends the manner of its structure, and the rank it holds in a system, he enjoys an unalloyed pleasure, not less vivid because it costs him no great expence or trouble. In this occupation it is that the violent passions are lulled into a calm, and only so much of emotion is produced as is sufficient to render life happy and agreeable.

" All my *Botanical excursions*," continues *Rousseau*, " the several impressions which local objects gave, the ideas which in consequence sprung up, the little incidents which blended into the scene—all these have produced a delightful impression, which the sight of my *herbarium* at once rekindles. Although I may never again revisit that beautiful country, those dark forests, those crystal lakes, those hanging woods, those lofty mountains, whose sight so often captivated my heart; although these happy scenes are closed upon me for ever, yet am I transported back to them whenever I review the *herbarium* I possess. The little fragments of those plants I collected, are, of themselves, sufficient to recal the whole of this magnificent spectacle. This *herbarium* of mine re-commences for me a journey of delight, and, as a camera-obscura, repaints

all this scenery again to my view. It is this association which makes *Botany* so charming; it recalls back to the imagination all those ideas which afford the truest pleasure. Meadows, water, woods, solitude, the inward contentment which alone dwells among such objects, are incessantly brought forward to the memory. It alone can obliterate from my rècollection the persecutions I have experienced from mankind in general, their malicious contempts, their avowed hatred, their gross insults, and all the many bad returns made for my open and sincere attachment towards them. It at once transports me among habitations of peaceable beings, simple and kind, such as I should wish to pass my days with. It recals back my infant hours, my innocent pleasures, and makes me forget the most miserable lot that ever chanced to mortal."

Senebier derived much of his pleasure during life, and consolation when in advanced age, from the study of plants. After explaining in the French Encyclopœdia their physiology, he concludes, "It is thus that plants ever present themselves for our regards; they charm us by the beauty of their forms, the richness of their shades, and the pleasure they spread around our habitations; they alone afford delight, without leaving behind any inquietude. The heart overwhelmed with grief, the sight fatigued by exertion, find in the verdure of fields, adorned with flowers, both comfort and refreshment. Affecting spectacle! Thou calmest the anguish of the unfortunate, at the same time augmenting the happiness of those whose lot is prosperous! For us the rose kindly unfolds to our view her smiling colours. The pink at the same time flatters our sight and our smell by its agreeable emanations. A thousand other flowers, of different forms, every moment present themselves to our notice. Fruit-trees, after gratifying our sight, deposit into our hands the most delicious food. The waving corn and golden sheaves delight every heart. We meet with other kindly vegetables, which can assuage our pain and cure our maladies. I discover in vegetables the foundation of the *linen*, which I wear—of the *paper*, which hands down to us the wisdom of ages—those *dies* which impress on our garments their brilliant colours. To plants I am indebted for the *wood* which warms me in the winter, kindling into a blaze, resembling the sun I seem not now to want. Without *timber* my house could scarcely have been constructed; and when fashioned into *ships*, the world, which before was separated, with its produce, from me, by a vast expanse of waters, is now approached even to my very chamber. Hence I behold, with still greater veneration, those *trees* whose stout branches diverge on every side, yet possessing a foliage which agreeably quivers to every breeze, but whose massy trunk shows an existence throughout ages. Under their vast shadows, listening to the songs of the inhabitants of the groves, I repose myself. Leaving this retreat, I next tread over *a rich carpet of innumerable flowers, whose varied enamel yet fixes the tender regards of that old man who has so much and so often admired it in his youth*.

"The beauties of Nature, even those which feast the eye, are inexhaustible! The colour of plants how friendly! Earth is brown, and the Heavens blue—was vegetation more inclined to the brown, would it be seen? And were it blue, would it not be confounded wlth the waters and the sky—all either earth, or water, or sky? Throughout the magnificent picture of creation, what a happy contrast with this brown hue and azure sky do the shades of the green and red afford! The verdure smiles, and the flowery carpet, intermingled with varied forms, produces a dress which never tires.

"Thus Nature relieves the vegetable world, and charms us with her elegance in a variety of forms—hence every object pleases, every object interests us: enraptured not only with her bolder sketches, with the grand and the magnificent, but in all her works, minute and howsoever small, you have to admire the delicate shades and the finest strokes and touches of her pencil, together with the brightest embroidery. W ha proportions, symmetry, and well-adapted balance!

"So enchanting is the colour of the green,

it rays of light are so admirably blended, it refreshes our sight on the first look. In an exhibition of pictures the painter hangs his rooms with green. Without harshness, it detaches his pictures from the ground, and least confuses the object He avails himself also of a colour so friendly, which gives strength and fresh vigour to his eye, and he hangs it up behind his canvas."

"So vast a profusion of beauty, contrivance, and design, as you see exhibited by Nature, multiplies greatly the inlets to knowledge and to happiness*. What a blaze of light bursts in to the inquiring mind respecting the Deity, from the perfection of these His handy-works! One proof at least, and how full and satisfactory of the existence, wise provision, and never-ceasing agency of a presiding power—kind and good—supreme —Almighty! admitted by all, because seen, and felt, and understood by all. O! Thou great source of being, of life, and light, and joy!

"Sovereign of Nature, all directing power!
I, from the world retired, do oft recline,
And trace thy wonder-working hand divine,
And read *thy name* in every blushing *flower*."

It is reported in the life of the celebrated Linnæus, "that such was his passion for plants, that he derived from thence his chief happiness; and that, when confined in bed with the gout, hearing that the herbarium of his pupil, Forshall, was arrived, so eager was he to examine this scarce treasure, that he forgot his disease and his bed, rose, and so much interest did he take in the agreeable sight, that his nerves became braced, and he was suddenly restored to health. When debilitated in advanced life, by a paralytic stroke, and unable any longer to teach, he was daily carried into the Museum of the Botanic Garden at Upsal; and casting around his admiring eyes on those varied productions of the world, assembled into one spot, from every climate of the globe, he thence derived the utmost *consolation* in a disorder that was deemed incurable."

Our inimitable Harvey, after having meditated among the tombs, and descanted upon the starry heavens, then favors the world with his "*Reflections upon a Flower-Garden.*"

"*Here* Nature," says this admirable writer, "always pleasing, every where lovely, appears with peculiar attractions. *Yonder*, she seems dressed in her dishabille; grand, but irregular. *Here*, she calls in her handmaid art, and shines in all the delicate ornaments which the nicest cultivation is able to convey. *Those* are her common apartments, where she lodges her ordinary guests; *this* is her cabinet of curiosities, where she entertains her itimate acquaintance.—My eye shall often expatiate over those scenes of universal fertility; my feet shall sometimes brush through the thicket, or traverse the lawn, or stroll along the forest glade: but to this *delightful retreat* shall be my chief resort. *Thither* will I make excursions; but *here* will I dwell.

"What *sweets* are these, which so agreeably salute my nostrils? They are the breath of the flowers; the insense of the garden.—How liberally does the *jessamine* dispense her odoriferous riches! How deliciously has the *woodbine* embalmed this morning walk!—The air is all perfume.—And is not this another most engaging argument, to forsake the bed of sloth? Who would lie dissolved in senseless slumber, while so many breathing sweets invite him to a feast of fragrancy? especially considering that the advancing day will exhale the volatile dainties. A fugitive treat they are, prepared only for the wakeful and industrious. Whereas, when the sluggard lifts his heavy eyes, the flowers will droop their fine scents will be dissipated; and, instead of this refreshing humidity, the air will become a kind of liquid fire.

(To be continued.)

* This last paragraph is from the Rev. Mr. Collier's beautiful Essays on Vegetable and Animal Life, introductory to the Consideration of the Soul and Contemplation of the Deity.

PLANTAGO MAJOR:—GREAT PLANTAIN.

A Wood-Cut published by Gesner more than an hundred Years ago.

SUMMARY OF POLITICS.

FOREIGN.

AUSTRIA.

Our connection with Austria has now assumed that form which must have been expected from the course of the war.

The policy of Bonaparte is as overbearing as his arms, and he allows no will to the power which he has beaten. He selects her friends and enemies; and the relations to which she might be impelled, by her best interests, must be submitted to the entire controul of France. Austria has been conquered; it is now unimportant to examine with what loss of dominion or of fame—by what defect in her armies, or what weakness in her government she has been beaten to the ground: farther resistance would be ruin. She has adopted submissively the only part left to her —obedience; she has disbanded her armies, withdrawn from the ceded territories, and reluctantly retired within the pale of her states, apparently cut off from all intercourse with friendly countries, from all advantages of commerce, all materials of future restoration. Every neighbouring state is set as a watch upon her, and the captive country has no resource but to rest within the barriers that have been erected round her, and linger on, awaiting the hour when some mighty hand shall break open her prison gates, and lead her forth to liberty and revenge. One of the principal objects which excited the jealousy of France was the trade which Austria was beginning to carry on with England. Immediately preceding the late war, the ports of Trieste and Fiume had been thrown open, and the new spirit which this act excited in Hungary might have made that highly-gifted country the most valuable portion of the empire: a large market for British manufactures would have been created, and the spoiled and degraded Austrian population enriched by the traffic. —One of the articles of the treaty of Vienna put an end to this hope of prosperity, by interdicting British manufactures. This was equivalent to the interdiction of all beneficial intercourse between the countries.—But the diplomatic revenge of Bonaparte went farther: his restrictions are now drawn so tight round the once powerful and independent head of the Germanic body, that it is only with difficulty that an individual Englishman can enter that country.

In the late speech of the Lords Commissioners, the mention of Austria, though it has been assigned the place of honour, is slight and cursory. The peace which she concluded with her enemy is acknowledged to be disadvantageous; but she is not supposed to exhibit, or to have it in her power to exhibit, any disposition to a renewal of her former connexions with Great Britain.

SWEDEN.

The armed neutrality, for which Sweden was once so strenuous an advocate, appears to be the form which she is likely to assume with the great powers of Europe. Naturally hostile to Russia, naturally suspicious of France, and by the events of the war reduced to shut her ports against Britain, she seems, like Austria, fixed on for one of those victims to the policy of Bonaparte on which that singular man is disposed to play his tricks of government and revenge. It is idle to deny him the possession of great ability as a general, but in those finer and higher applications of mind which make the great statesman, his rank of ability may still be unfixed. It was observed of him in giving governments to the Italian States, that he had but one constitution for all. It has been observed, with equal justness, that for all the countries which have fallen under his influence, he has but one policy. To exclude the powerful kingdoms from connection with their former allies, he surrounds them with fragments of principalities devoted to himself. To create a balance, a fair equipoise of all powers, by which each would be equally interested in watching over the wel-

fare, and protecting the peace of all, that superior and more intricate providing principle, by which the relations of friendship were to be preserved by the fears of princes, and the spirit of peace kept alive in the very act of taking up arms. With the ruler of France, this arrangement gives way for one of much more simplicity. To make Europe one vast military government, in which the inferior stations are kept in awe and connection by the stronger, and France is left in the midst, as the centre and citadel of the force which ramifies through all, is the single plan of dominion which has been found worthy of the choice of this prompt and daring warrior. It is not easy to ascertain whether any alternative principle of general government may have been left open to him. The natural propensity of his mind, and the habits in which it has been trained, must have made his present plan that which he would most unhesitatingly adopt, and most partially cherish into form. But on the plainest view, it seems crude and hasty—the plan of a rule, without any thing to moderate or any thing to reconcile its authority. The paramount power, a despot—the subordinates, slaves. The balance of power, which was once the boast of the most exalted system of European politics in their most distinguished day, was, perhaps, unattainable in its full details, but its principle was deserving of all praise, and all imitation. To secure the mutual peace of all nations, by making it their mutual interest to guard the weak against violence, and save the general system from the shock of unprovoked aggression, was the prime object of a system which laboured to extend the principles that make the individual secure, into those larger forms of society which constitute nations, by the gradual supervision which each people might exercise over all; to make all amenable to a common law and a common arbitration; each giving up the portion of its object which was detrimental to the rest, retaining that which was uninjurious; until at length all nations, inhabiting whatever climate, marked by whatever distinction, worshipping under whatever form, should coalesce into one grand society, in which all were limited, yet all were free—free in their power of good; limited in their power of evil.

But the policy of the great arranger of Europe, in our days, seems to be formed on another principle. He acknowledges no general connecting influence but fear, and of this simple weapon he make a direct use.

The neighbouring powers are placed, not as protectors, but as enemies to each other. The smaller interstitial powers are kept by a sense of feebleness and mutual jealousy as perpetual spies on the greater; perpetual adversaries to each other, and perpetual dependants on France. But this plan cannot last: its materials are too rude to have any of those smooth coincidences of surface or joints of connection that make more formed states stand when the original cement is worn away. Despotism is the most short-lived of all governments—military despotism the most shortlived of all despotisms. It must fail in a state; it will fail still more rapidly in a combination of states. It may exist through the life of the founder, but it goes down with him to the grave.

The late revolution in Sweden has probably saved the country from either a total loss of her freedom, or the calamities of that dreadful struggle by which it would be reclaimed. We cannot conceive that the dethronement of the late King has seriously shaken the amity which it is the interest of Sweden to preserve with the British empire. The present monarch has the reputation of much good sense, and strong affection for his country. He is not new to government, and it is natural that the views of the public advantage which guided him under the peculiar and extraordinary difficulties of the regency, should direct him in the more simple crisis of the present time. The late Gustavus had excited an extravagant ardour for the war against France. The Swedes were induced to believe that the day of conquest was to open for them, and that Sweden had but to draw the sword, to earn a fame unequalled in the annals of the north. This is now sufficiently ridiculous; but it was the feeling of every power in Europe at the time, and the par-

tition of France seemed a matter of such perfect facility, that the only difficulty was the distribution.

Ankerstroem shot the King who was to lead the Swedes to Paris, and by an act of great individual guilt, at once stopped the progress of their ambition and their ruin. In the full fervor of this spirit the regent came to the throne; and if he had been foolish enough to thirst for the glory of a conqueror, he would have taken advantage of the popular frenzy, and plunged into a war which would have left Sweden powerless and exhausted, beyond all his repentence to restore. But he acted with that honesty of feeling which is better than the ablest circumvention. He publicly recognized the right of France to resist the invasion of her territory; he disclaimed the injustice of disguising the partition of the country under the restoration of its sovereign; and by a line of conduct as fortunate as it was honorable, withdrew Sweden from the danger of a contest which has shaken Europe, and withdrew her without leaving the stain of defection upon her character.

The monarch into whose hands the Duke of Sudermania resigned the sceptre seems not to have profitted by so superior an example. The folly of conquest came strong upon him. It was of no moment to the insolent and giddy mind of this young man, that there was no power on the Continent capable of offering him support; that the enemy, whom in his rashness he had selected for his trial of strength, was the lord of Europe; that he had come flushed with victory from every field, and was now only anxious to encrease his plunder by the spoil and dismemberment of some new adversary. The King of Sweden was determined to become a conqueror, and the conqueror of Bonaparte. He commenced a war of proclamations and memorials; a war sufficiently harmless not to injure his enemy, and sufficiently expressive to make that enemy inveterately hostile. But the conquest of Sweden was almost too insignificant for the glory of that extraordinary man, who had already broken the strength of Austria, expunged Prussia from the list of independent kingdoms, and forced Russia to make peace within a few marches of her capital. The work of her punishment was consigned to a subordinate power; and Russia, in a short compaign, over-ran and appropriated the most faithful, the most populous, and the most important of her provinces.

There is no longer any need of political surmises or conjectures; the plans for the complete subjugation of Europe appear matured for execution, and are daily unfolded in the preparatory measures which are to ensure their success. If we are to credit accounts, not indeed official, but which, however, bear some appearance of authenticity, the Emperor Alexander, assisted by the principles of his *philosophical** education, has at last overcome the imperial prejudices derived from his ancestors. He has surmounted those compunctious visitings of honor which made him stop and hesitate in the career of infamy; through vague fear, and illusive hopes, he has sacrificed all moral and political considerations, and his unnatural alliance with the despoiler of kings is to be cemented by the union of a grand-daughter of Catherine II. "with the murderer of the Duc d'Enghien. A Russian princess, his sister, is destined to replace the discarded Josephine, and to perpetuate the Corsican dynasty." Already the complaisant French senate has made provisions for the expected imperial progeny; and that nothing might be wanting in this ominous union, a Caulaincourt is to conduct the princess to Paris; as a Caulaincourt dragged, at midnight, the Duc d'Enghien to the dungeon of Vincennes. Yet Alexander, in the face of Europe, mourned for that prince's death just with the same feelings as he swore on the tomb of Frederick the Great an eternal friendship to his nephew, whose spoils he afterwards consented to share with his inveterate foe. Such are the effects of

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* One Mr. Laharpe, a Swiss, and a worthy apostle of French philosophy, was instructor to Alexander.

a modern education on a mind previously prepared by the babarous polish of an Asiatic court to reflect impressions, not to receive them; to forget futurity in the enjoyment of the present hour, and to reject those stern, unbending principles of rectitude, which might awake the soul from its effeminate slumbers.

The character of the Russian people, which its rulers must necessarily imbibe, and which is now to have such an influence over Europe, is not sufficiently known; and indeed their primitive and barbarous manners have been so much altered, not changed, by foreign influence, that they actually present jarring extremes, exceeding the most extravagant conception. We find among them savage poverty and Asiatic luxury; Jewish superstition, and the most unbridled licentiousness; a stupid ignorance, and a mania for the fine arts; insociability, in a court of gallantry; the pride of a conquering nation, and the duplicity of slaves; academies among an unlearned people; orders of chivalry in a country where even the word *honor* is unknown; triumphal arches, trophies, monuments in wood, a consciousness of their inferiority, and the persuasion that they rival, in every respect, the glory of the most celebrated nations—such is, after half a century, the result of those astonishing works of Peter I. because he never thought of giving laws to his people; because he left them all their vices, and hastened to call in the arts before he had reformed manners. We behold the scattered materials of a magnificent building, injured and blackened by time, before they have been used according to their intention, because an improvident architect prepared them on an unsuitable scale; and in consequence of this error, the work, though scarcely raised above its foundations, exhibits already a confused scene of ruins. In short, what remained of that celebrated reign was not a civilized empire, as the panegyrists of Peter incessantly repeat, but a ferocious people armed with all the arts of war.

Such are the people destined to share the dominion of the continent with France, already arrived at a corresponding degree of barbarism, through the abuses of civilization. There national manners have not been altered by foreign influence, but anarchy, brooding over national vices, has quickened into life the noxious reptiles which prey on the vitals of society: there, we see no jarring extremes, for we can reconcile playfulness with ferocity; we behold the contempt and hatred of all venerable institutions reduced into a system sanctioned by success; a single maxim borrowed from savage life, has replaced all moral and religious precepts; force, is the only right; and whatever is useful becomes lawful. Such is the fundamental law of the state—such is the basis of national morality. Open and avowed irreligion sanctions the unbridled licentiousness which those doctrines encourage. However, that magic spell, which still keeps in some bounds those over whom religion and morality have lost their sway, is now only a bye-word, to denote pre-eminence in infamy. Caulaincourt is a commander of the legion of *honor*: of the arts and sciences which have escaped the revolutionary storm, those only are cultivated which can afford means of destruction or of corruption. Sciences in such hands pervert the mind, sophisticate the understanding; they prepare the rising generation for those fetters which the arts are prostituted to disguise, and victories seem to ennoble. Such is the result of that revolution which, ushered in by modern philosophy, was to regenerate mankind, and fix on an eternal basis the liberty and happiness of nations. The torrent has borne down all restraints, crime has stalked victorious over the land, vices have become national manners, and a military despotism has been the only resource of a people too corrupt to be free, and reconciled to its situation only by the hope of reducing the rest of Europe to the same state. In France, we no longer behold a civilized empire, but a people sunk and degraded by vice to a state of moral savageness; or exalted into ferocity from the habit of blood, and armed with all the arts of former civilization to conquer and to corrupt.

Such are the two powers whose baneful influence is now to extend over the whole

of the European continent; and whichever predominates, the results for mankind will be precisely the same. All national distinctions must disappear—all national spirit, that genuine source of heroism and emulation, must be for ever extinguished, and with it all those virtues it fosters. In their stead, that vulgar and brutal courage, which supports the despotism it feeds on, and passive obedience, will be upheld to the admiration and imitation of the enslaved world, as the only qualities suitable to their situation.

As we have said already, the only ray of hope is the probable and perhaps not distant disagreement between the two oppressors. By accounts, which we credit, all the departments of the Russian Empire, and especially the military, are beset by intriguers of every description, in the pay of France; just as was the case in Prussia, previous to the battle of Jena. Family connections, so little regarded in politics, cannot be supposed to have an unusual and predominant influence over Alexander and Buonaparte; and their inordinate ambition, by bringing gradually their two vast empires into contact, must necessarilly occasion a collision.

Austria, giving for the first time, some proofs of foresight, appears aware of this; she is intent on repairing the disasters of unsuccessful wars, rashly undertaken and foolishly conducted. Russia, to whom she is indebted for her political existence, seems to expect from her the renewal of former alliances, in the hour of danger; while France, perhaps from this circumstance, manifests openly her inveterate hatred for her fallen, but respectable foe.

In the mean time new usurpations unfold the gigantic plan of universal and immediate dominion, and prepare the way for the ultimate struggle. Buonaparte, still cautious in his measures, has formerly united to his empire only that part of Holland which is included between the Maese and the Scheldt. The Dutch by a contribution of two millions of guilders, have obtained a respite for the rest of their country; but this is to last only till the arrival of the troops which are on their march to occupy it. Nay, it has been announced in the Moniteur, that French soldiers and custom-house officers, who could be depended upon, were to occupy all the points of the sea-coast as far as the Elbe; and that river is, to all appearance, the intended boundary of the French empire on that side. Some show of resistance has indeed been made by the governors of Breda and Bergen-op-Zoom; some shots have even been exchanged, but that temporary effort of expiring independence was of no avail against the machinations and immense forces of France. Holland, like Spain, no longer useful as an ally, must become its prey. To complete these arrangements, fresh territorial exchanges will be necessary; part of Brandenburgh must be wrested from its ancient masters; and the king of Prussia is, it is said, to repair to Paris, in order to solicit adequate indemnities, no matter at whose expense; for Buonaparte has found among the German princes the same unprincipled rapacity which enabled Robespierre to support his power by the sale of pretended national property. Part of the canton of Schafhausen, in Switzerland, has also been invaded, but no ulterior measures appear to have been taken for the immediate subjugation of the Helvetic body. The Tyrol is not yet sufficiently *pacified*, and the mediator of Switzerland waits till the burning of villages, the slaughter of part of the peasantry, and the incorporation of the rest with his army, shall have reduced that country to a solitude, and deprived the Swiss of its congenial assistance.

The doom of Spain is now irrevocably fixed. French troops have poured on all sides on that devoted country; an useless display of forces against a people disunited, unable to appreciate the value of liberty, or to acquire military habits in a protracted warfare; affecting to despise an enemy they could not face in the field; and vapouring in humid threats the false courage which abandoned them on the day of battle. No preparations had been made, to withstand the increased efforts of the enemy; Asturias, Murcia, Valentia, and Grenada have been

invaded without a show of resistance. Even the almost impracticable passes of the Sierra Morena could not afford sufficient security to the Spaniards, to induce them to maintain their post: this bulwark of Andalusia has been abandoned with shameful precipitation, and general officers and men have laid down their arms in sight of the fields of Baylen, where their countrymen have uselessly bled and conquered in defence of their independence. Nor is it from want of courage only that the Spanish character has suffered a stain; treason had, as usual, prepared the success of the French arms; members of the Junta have sought, by sacrificing the people who had elected them, to obtain better terms for themselves from the successful usurper. Some have fallen victims to popular fury, others have repaired to Madrid, and some few have fled to Cadiz, where, persisting in the same system of delusion, they still boast of making a successful resistance, perhaps with a view of finding an opportunity to deliver the Spanish fleet to the French. Measures, however, have been taken to defeat that project. The people have insisted for the demolition of the works on the sea-side, from which the shipping might have been annoyed, and the Spanish fleet (twenty sail of the line) has been moored outside the British squadron.—The French armies have thus over-run the whole of Spain. The few insulated towns and districts which are yet in arms against them may still occupy some divisions, to watch or subdue them, but cannot impede the progress of their ultimate plans against Portugal, which they are now enabled to assail by the north, the east, and the south; through Gallicia, Estremadura, and Alenteio. The return of Lord Wellington is in consequence expected; and from the King's message to both Houses, we should not be surprised were the Portuguese troops to accompany him.

DOMESTIC.

The length to which we have exended our remarks upon foreign politics precludes us from entering into the detail of our domestic relations, which are interesting in no common degree, from circumstances which have never hitherto occurred in the history of this country.

At the meeting of parliament ministers seem not to have been aware of two circumstances, both of which every thinking man in the nation seems to know, except themselves. We mean that they were not sufficiently strong to maintain themselves in power against the formidable opposition both of talents and interest opposed to them; nor were they able to stifle that enquiry into the failure of the Walcheren expedition, which the voice of the nation demanded. This ignorance on their part has led to a state of things unprecedented: an administration going down to the House of Commons every day without any certainty whether it would be allowed to carry any point it proposes: in the mean time the House of Commons is unremittingly employed in the Enquiry; which will terminate, in all probability, in the impeachment of at least one of those ministers. What strikes us, and must, we believe, strike every body else with astonishment, is the pertinacity with which ministers cling to their situations, so decidedly against the opinion of the nation, and the frequent determination of the House against them upon points, to assure the success of which they had certainly mustered their whole strength. But this state of things cannot long continue. This conflict of parties will either terminate in the secession of ministers, their impeachment, or a compromise for their indemnity. We shall lament exceedingly if this latter circumstance should defeat the justice of the nation; but we hope better things.

THEATRICALS.

RICHES, OR THE WIFE AND BROTHER; ALTERED FROM MASSINGER'S 'CITY MADAM,' LYCEUM.

Weary as we were of the insipidity of the Lyceum, we should not have been lightly induced to enter again into that house of dulness, where, under the narcotic influence of the manager, every thing seems to sleep; *Mister* Arnold may not unaptly be termed, the torpedo of dramatic talent; and Mr. Raymond, who, as the daily bills regularly inform the public is stage manager; a medium of communication between this torpedo and the stage, will be allowed to be, the very *properest stick* that could be selected for a conductor.

As far as regards his reputation as an author, if it is not solecism in language to use the term reputation on such an occasion, *Mister* Arnold does wisely to bring forward no piece above the level of his own dramatic productions, and this very naturally accounts for the total absence of every species of merit in those things called plays and farces, at the representation of which we have had the misfortune to attend this season at the Lyceum; whether this conduct on the part of the manager, proceeds from a modest estimation of his own talents, and a natural desire to preserve them from total eclipse by the total exclusion of every ray of genius, or whether he has a congenial love for dulness, or has neither judgment to distinguish nor taste to appreciate works of genuine merit, it is not easy to determine: one thing, however, is very certain, which those who are embarked in the vessel entrusted to the pilotage of Mister Arnold must before this time have discovered; and that is, if they make a successful or even a safe voyage, they owe it more to the folly of the managers of Covent-Garden at the commencement of the season, than to their own good conduct.

Aware of this system, we heard with some surprise that a play was in preparation, founded on one of Massinger's, since we knew that Massinger, though rough and coarse, was a strong workman; and we indulged the hope that any superstructure raised on his foundation would not have been weak or contemptible. When we learned, however, that Sir James Bland Burges was to be architect or restorer of this work, we ceased to be surprised, because we knew the power of rank and influence: but as our suprize abated, so did our hopes; Sir James had previously afforded the public the means of estimating his poetical powers; and we had seen that though managers are to be awed by a bloody hand, the Muses are not so easily subdued. Though we were tempted to go, therefore, to the first representation of RICHES, or *the Wife and Brother*, in consideration of its being professedly founded on Massinger's 'City Madam'; our expectations were not very high, and our disappointment consequently not great.

The plot of the City Madam, like most of Massinger's, is improbable enough. A wealthy merchant to please his wife, by whom he is entirely governed, obtains the honour of knighthood, and at the opening of the play we find him Sir John Frugal. This acquisition of dignity heightens the lady's natural insolence, and leads her to instruct her two daughters to propose such terms to their suitors, that the gentlemen to the great mortification of the knight, decline the alliance. In the hope of curing this arrogant disposition of his wife and daughters, the knight retires to the house of the father of one of his daughter's lovers, and instructs him to report, that he has retired to a monastery on the continent, leaving the whole of his property, without the least provision for his wife or daughters, to his brother Luke. This brother, who had spent his fortune in gambling and all kinds of dissipation, had been released from prison by Sir John, and

taken into his house, where he had been treated with the utmost contempt, and used as the basest slave and drudge by the lady and her daughters. This usage he submits to with the most abject servility of spirit, and is regarded by all as an amiable man of reformed manners and of great charity, most unjustly treated. Sir John however, suspects him of dissimulation, and intends his pretended assignment of his wealth, to be as much a trial of his brother's virtue, as the means of reforming his wife and daughters. The knight finds his suspicions to be just. Luke no sooner obtains possession of his wealth, than he becomes the most savage and avaricious tyrant; throws all who owe him money into jail; strips his brothers's wife and daughters of their finery, and clothes them in dowlas and woollen, and enters into a treaty with Sir John and the two lovers of the young ladies, who come to him disguised as Indians, to ship them off to Virginia, there to be sacrificed to the devil. Upon which Sir John discovers himself; the ladies are reformed, and Luke is dimissed in disgrace.

The principal characters are those of Luke, and Lady Frugal. Luke is a mean grovelling villain, but Massinger lets you perceive his dissimulation at the beginning of the second act, so that you have some clue to his conduct, and his character, though certainly overdrawn, does not appear entirely out of nature, since it is gradually developed. The lady is a vain termagent coquet, whose head has been turned by her husband's knighthood, and the flattering predictions of an astrologer. The other personages of the drama are very distinctly characterized and most judiciously contrasted, and the whole presents a most lively picture of the manners of the time when Massinger wrote.

Now then let us see what is the building that Sir James Bland Burgess has raised on this foundation. It probably did not take the worthy baronet many months' reflection to discover that the old play was too long, and contained some indelicacies too gross for the modern stage. The ease with which he has surmounted this difficulty is admirable. He lops off nine characters at once, and together with them all the scenes in which they were concerned; reduces nearly every other part but those of Luke and the Lady, to about half a dozen lines a piece, and thus he ingeniously contrives to make his drama a tolerable length. Next to give himself a title to his adopted offspring, he changes its name, and the names of the characters, shuffles the scenes out of their original order, flattens here and there an expression or sentiment, assigns new motives of action to some of the principal characters, and turns them into caricatures, and then modestly calls this jumble of skeletons a play, *founded* on Massinger's City Madam. We would not however be understood to complain that Sir James has done so little to give him a claim to be considered as the author of a new work; we are only sorry that he should have taken so much pains to deface an old one. The characters of the country 'squire and the avaricious Steward, which are admirably drawn by Massinger, he has without the least reason reduced to absolute insignificance. He has converted the lady mother, (perhaps to please the actress who might not chuse to personate the mother of marriageable girls), into a mother-in-law, and at the same time has made her infinitely more vulgar, and more termagant. According to Sir James, it is she that rejects the lovers of the young ladies, who are very ready to accept them for husbands at first sight, and express their fears, which is almost the only time they speak, that they shall not soon have so good an offer again. Then as to Luke, he does not give the least hint of his dissimulation till the end of the fourth act; by which time you have so brought yourself to consider him as an honest man, though you are disgusted with his tiresome and despicable servility, that you are offended at the improbability of his becoming all at once so unnatural and silly a villain as Sir James has drawn him; for he has not been contented with the high colouring of Massinger, but has made him a ridiculous monster of villainy without adding one circumstance to render the representation entertaining. He has done in fact, with Luke much the same sort of thing as his friend the manager,

Mister Arnold would do, if, when he was employed to paint or repair the portrait of a man with a large nose, he should add to the length of the nose, and scumble over and deface every other feature; or as if a man should shew you the muzzle and breech of a gun, which he had previously divided from the rest of the bore, and should tell you, that it was a perfect cannon; the difference, indeed is, that Sir James has given you nothing but a *bore*. When so severe a censure had been passed in Sir James's prologue, on the grossness of the old dramatist, we little expected to find a father putting his daughters up as it were to sale, and desiring the bidders to take them into their *own apartments* to settle their matters; this was a refinement unknown to Massinger, and is entirely the offspring of Sir James's delicacy. In short the City Madam, like many of our fine old gothic buildings, which quack architects have undertaken to beautify, has suffered most cruelly in the operation.

Some idea indeed may be formed of the merits of the piece, from the play-bill which gives the names of the actors concerned in the representation. In this list, the name of no performer of eminence but Mrs. Edwin appears. The whole strength of the theatre is excluded from any share in the performance, and Mr. Raymond supports the whole burthen of the play. Mr. Raymond undertakes to personate the crafty Luke. Mr. Raymond, who has neither person, demeanor, voice nor eye, whose countenance is incapable of the slightest expression, who, if he should be suffered at all on the stage, could only be endured as the representation of some of the lower order of stage tyrants, where his bullying, ranting manner would not be out of place, Mr. Raymond ventures to assume a character which requires all the subtle cunning of Cooke, and the imposing dignity of Kemble to raise it above the disgust of the spectator. In the hands of Mr. Raymond it was contemptible; and when the scene drew up in the fifth act and discovered him sitting alone behind his banquet table, so little did he look like the master of the feast, that he gave us no other idea than that of a man behind a gingerbread stall at Bartholomew fair. Mrs. Edwin, as the representative of the knight's lady, pleased us more than she had ever done before. There is a certain degree of vulgar coarseness in her style of acting, and an affectation of fashion, which suited the character admirably, and she gave much point and spirit to the whole. We have no hesitation, indeed, in affirming that whatever success may attend the representation of this libel on the fame of Massinger, is entirely owing to the exertions of Mrs. Edwin; who spoke the epilogue with great effect.

Free Knights, or the Edict of Charlemagne; Theatre Royal, Covent-Garden.

The bills of the house had for a considerable time past informed us, that the drama of the Free Knights, interspersed with music, &c. was in preparation; and aware of the prevailing taste of the public, and the disposition of Mr. Kemble, towards pomp and magnificence, we anticipated the gorgeous display of dress, decoration and scenery, with which the drama was produced. All the genius and abilities of those employed in the decoration department of the theatre, were on this occasion called forth, and employed with most striking effect. There are a sober grandeur, and a solid magnificence, in the getting up, as it is called, of this drama, which is truly imposing, and display to great advantage the capabilities of the new stage. All the scenes are beautiful; but most of them are in rather too florid a style of architecture, for the period to which the story of the drama relates: gothic architecture, as it is commonly called, was at this early time much plainer. The chapel scene, however, in the last act, is finely imagined, and as ably executed: it presented a perfect specimen of the Norman style, with the semicircular arch and zig zag moulding, and conveys such an idea of space, solidity, and solemn gloom, and looks in short so entirely the thing it is intended to represent, that it excites sensations of similar solemnity. We are sorry that the piece, on which the managers have lavished so much expence, is not more worthy their pains. They have ventured much in a bottom not

sea-worthy: we fear that it has not weight enough to carry their gallant rigging: the slightest squall would upset it; but we apprehend that it will founder through mere rottenness, and carry with it to the bottom all the rich freight with which it is stored.

The subject chosen for the groundwork of the drama is admirably adapted for representation on the stage; and it has often been matter of wonder to us that it has never been attempted before; but if it may be inferred, from the little success of the present attempt, that it is one of difficult accomplishment, we ought perhaps rather to wonder at his hardihood who has now attempted it, rather than at the want of previous enterprise; a fine subject worse treated, we have seldom witnessed: it is a sign-painter intruding into the province of Michael Angelo.

The two titles of the piece relate to two distinct parts; and the spectator who has sat through near two acts, (and there are but three) of the FREE KNIGHTS, will wonder what it has to do with an *Edict of Charlemagne.* The FREE KNIGHTS are members of that extraordinary association, which originated in the political dissentions and divisions of the German Empire; and was so long an object of terror in that country, under the name of the Secret Tribunal. A very interesting account of the constitution and proceedings of this terrific society, is to be found in a German Novel, called Herman of Unna; and to this the author of the piece, now under our consideration, is in some degree indebted: we wish that his debt had been still greater, or that what he has brought forward of his own, had been of value, sufficient to balance the account between him and the German Novelist. The principal fable, as well as we can understand it, is this:

An elector of Saxony dying, leaves an infant daughter to the guardianship of his brother; who tempted by the near prospect of sovereign power, practices with his intimate friend, MANFREDI, to induce him to destroy the infant princess. Manfredi, finding him bent on her destruction, and fearing that, should he refuse, some ready and more willing instrument might be found, appears to consent; and sets out with the infant princess to a distant castle, attended by a numerous train of servants, whom on entering a forest he dismisses, and pursues his way alone. All this is, as it was agreed between him and the ambitious uncle; who had proposed that Manfredi should murder the child in the forest. He, however, had resolved to save her, but is attacked by a band of outlaws, and being overpowered by numbers, loses the child on the banks of the Danube. The uncle, as false to his supposed instrument as unnatural to his niece, instantly gives out that Manfredi had assassinated the child; to which story his dismissal of his train, on entering the forest, gives credibility: a price is set on Manfredi's head, and all his connections are pursued with vengeance. The ambitious uncle's plot prospers, and he of course succeeds to the electorate. About sixteen years after this (at which period the drama commences) upon visiting the castle of the Baron Ravensberg, the Elector is startled by the appearance of a young female, who bears a striking resemblance to the mother of his injured niece: and as he had never received confirmation of the death of the child, he becomes alarmed; inquires of the baron who she is; learns that he had found her sixteen years before, on the banks of the Danube, and is by these, and other circumstances, convinced that she is indeed his niece. Upon this he instantly employs one of the FREE KNIGHTS (his creature), to summon her before the Secret Tribunal, as the daughter of the traitor, Manfredi. She appears, and is of course convicted on his deposition alone; but from the death to which she is condemned, she is saved by the young Ravensberg her lover, who had just before been elected a FREE KNIGHT; and who procures her escape from her dungeon, from which she flies for sanctuary to the Abbey of Comrey. Hither, however, she is instantly pursued by the FREE KNIGHTS, who affix to the gate of the Abbey another summons for her appearance. The Abbot, who is MANFREDI in disguise, and knows therefore, that she is unjustly pursued, (since she is summoned as his daughter and he never had a child) without the least suspicion of who she is, resolves to

protect her; notwithstanding the remonstrances and threats of his brotherhood, who represent the danger of opposing the decree of the Elector and the Secret Tribunal. In the mean time, a party of the FREE KNIGHTS rush into the abbey, and are about to sacrifice their victim, when the Abbot points to the statue of Charlemagne, its founder, and claims his dormant charter, granted to the abbey by that monarch, to protect and pardon all offenders. The knights release their victim and retire. Their religious scruples, however, are soon removed by the Elector, and they return in a body to take the abbey by assault, which the Abbot had declared his resolution to defend against them. His monks refusing to obey him go to open the gates. In the mean time he discovers, by a mantle which young Ravensberg brings, and in which the orphan victim was found, that she is the Princess, niece of the Elector. At this moment the knights rush into the chapel with the Elector at their head, burst open the sanctuary, and dragging this victim from the altar, the Elector is about to plunge his sword into her bosom, when the Abbot discovers himself, the Elector shrinks from before him, and confesses his villainies; the Princess is acknowledged by her subjects, receives young Ravensberg for her husband, and attends the installation of MANFREDI, as Abbot, with which the piece concludes.

Intermixed with the serious matter are some scenes and characters intended to be comic, but any thing so contemptibly dull, and childish, and unnatural, we never saw before, and hope never to see again. There is nothing that has the most remote affinity to wit, nothing that can be called even the shadow of character, nothing that bears the least semblance of incident or connection with the main fable. It is the tail and ears of an ass clumsily botched on to the stuffed skin of a lion; or rather like some ministries that we have known, formed half of dull saints and half of witless sinners. Fawcet, buffoon as he is, could make nothing of the buffoonery of the author of this drama: he had some wretchedly stupid songs to sing, set to as wretched music, by Mazzinghi. The duet between him and Mrs. Dickons, (who was accommodated, some centuries ago, with an upright piano forte), is stolen from the White Witch of Sadlers Wells; but it was shewing rather too open a contempt for the intellect of the audience in a theatre dedicated to the Muse of Shakespeare, to set Fawcet to sing,

> And dad will tell him pretty tales,
> Come learn your B, A, Ba;

and nursery nonsense of the same kind; to which the words of Mrs. Dickons were no doubt a very fit counterpart, if we could have heard them. On this occasion, indeed, we had to rejoice in the pains which she takes not to articulate a syllable that she sings. We had nearly forgotten Incledon; for his part is so totally unconnected with the drama, that in consequence of a violent cold he had on the first night of representation, most of his scenes were omitted, without embarrassing in the least the business of the play. He is brought on, with a troop of falconers to sing, just as the Misses Adams are brought on to dance a most clumsy *pas-de-trois*; to fill up the play bills with names, that may promise a variety of amusements calculated to please all tastes. And so they do; they "keep the word of promise to our ear,"—but——

In such a play, it must be apparent, that the actors have little scope for the display of their talents. Yet Mrs. H. Johnstone gives much interest to the part of the orphan, and though the characters of young Ravensberg and the Abbot are infinitely below the powers of Mr. C. Kemble and Mr. Young, by their personation they acquire an importance and effect, and an outward charm, which serves well to conceal their native poverty.

A BUDGET OF BLUNDERS. COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

If it be the province of the Comic Muse in her lowest department, to "make that "ideot Laughter keep men's eyes, and strain "their cheeks to idle merriment"—why then we must perforce congratulate Mr. Grefulh for the temporary relaxation and relief he has afforded us, from the ponderous puerilities of Mr. Reynolds — who, as Lord Byron says,

—Vents his "dammees, poohs, and zounds," And common place and common sense confounds.

The Budget of Blunders may be candidly described as full of fun and merriment, not occasioned, it is true, by wit and good writing, but by situation and *équivoque.*

An old guardian *(Old Growler)* designs his ward Sophia for *Doctor Smugface*, with a view of preventing his accounts being scrupulously examined; however Miss falls in love with a *Captain Meldrey*, and of course disregards *Smugface*, who is mistaken for a lunatic, escaped from his friends, in his way to Dr. Dablancour's, the keeper of a private mad-house, and who is a Frenchman—an intriguing Abigail, as usual, assists in the plot, and after a variety of whimsical incidents, principally arising from some of the characters imagining each other mad, the young lady is united to her dear Captain, and *Dr. Smugface* remains the laugh and butt of the company, the usual fate of farcical disappointed lovers.

Where more depends upon the acting than the writing, it is to be supposed some praise, and that not sparingly given, is due to the performers, who ably exerted themselves to destroy, in this instance, a too fastidious opposition; for if we can but well laugh at a modern farce, it is as much as we can expect in the present state of dramatic literature. But we would remind Mr. *Munden*, that swearing is no proof of good acting, nor giving a brother performer *the d—d lie* any proof of wit, however it may appear so to him *off* the stage.

POETRY.

TO MRS. ——

A Lady, advanced in Life, but once of eminent Beauty.

Lady! there is a lovely time,
When Youth has parted with its prime,
And gentler thoughts and calmer pow'rs,
Have soften'd Beauty's fervid hours;
Tho' now no more the pearl or plume
Wave o'er the young cheek's mantling bloom;
Tho' now no more strange witchery
Breathe in her low unconscious sigh,
Yet all the Spirits' milder sway,
Still consecrates the setting day;
And more I love that gentle eye,
Than when its lightning sparkled high;
And more I love that fading tone,
Than when it made the heart its own;
And mingl'd fire and feeling stole
Their rich enchantment o'er the soul.

As when the groves of Italy
The Poet roams, all ear, all eye,
List'ning the silv'ry sounds that sail,
In sweetness on the orange gale;
Or gazing where the Sunset glow
Flames on some old Volcano's brow,
When his full spirit feels the pow'r
Of the soft eve's enthusiast hour.
Tranquil the wave—the vine-wreath'd hill,
The myrtle grove, all calm and still,
Where seems the lovely light to sleep,
On Convent Tow'r, and purpling steep,
Or, floating o'er the forest gloom,
Gilds the dim Temple's ruin'd dome.

If, while the wand'rer's footstep strays
Slow through the forest's thick'ning maze,

Some antique form of Deity,
Half in the dewy light reveal'd,
Half in the dubious shade conceal'd,
In breathing marble meet his eye,
Past the high glories of the shrine
No bending Minstrels crimson stold
Chaunt on the eve the strain divine
To many a harp of pearl and gold.
Around its sculptur'd altar rise
No hallow'd clouds of sacrifice;
No veil, by Tuscan maidens wove,
Shades, with soft light, the Queen of Love;
But all, uncheck'd, the mantling vine
Wreathes its green tendrils round the shrine;
And purpling fig, and olive, pour
Their fruitage on the Parian floor,
Seems the pale Statue's bending eye,
In mingled pride and woe, to weep
O'er many a slumb'ring votary—
O'er many a heart that once beat high,
The gallant Chief, and gentle Maid,
That sleep the grave's unbroken sleep,
Beneath its sacred shade.
Its day of splendour, past and o'er,—
Its thousand Worshippers, no more.
Steals on the lifted ear, no sound,
Save where the dew-drops, one by one,
Tinkling from many a leaf around,
Stain the rich pavement's pictur'd stone;
Or, as the Westering Sun,
Like a proud Conqueror, his chariot roll'd
On volum'd clouds of rose and gold,
His tissu'd banners all unfurl'd
To triumph o'er another world,
In broader pomp goes rushing down.
And the blue star beams lovely thro' the gloom,
Wild, strange and low, like whispers of the dead,
The fitful winds of evening shed
The falling, fluttering leaf upon the tomb.

Yet lonely as it stands, and still,
It gives the heart a pang more dear,
A nobler awe—a finer thrill,
The homage of a softer tear,
Than when before th' Imperial crowd,
Blazing with gems, the cyprus rose
Wreath'd on the Idol's snowy brows,
Its form in early beauty stood
Charm of the helmed Roman's eye,
His pride—his love—his Deity.

Yes, Lady!—still the soul reveres
The matchless form of other years,
Where, as in thine, the soul survives,
Wit beams, and native feeling lives—
Where Virtue's Heaven illumin'd ray
Streams on the brow immortal day.

Those—those around our spirit twine,
Make all the heart of heart, be thine,
And give thee dearer, prouder power,
Than Youth and Beauty's rosiest hour.

MEMORIA.

COSTUME.

Delineation of, and Remarks on, the present Style of Personal Decoration.

MORNING DRESS.

The head is ornamented with a small bonnet, *à la paysanne*, of the same materials as the dress, which continues to be made high in the neck. The waist is worn moderately long. The carriage and walking costume are pelisses and mantles, trimmed with rich fur of silver grey or sable. The colours have not varied much since last month; but royal purple and green are the most prevailing. Morning caps are generally of rich work and lace, lined with coloured sattin; little or no hair is seen in the morning.

EVENING AND FULL DRESS.

Sattin bodies over demi trains trimmed and embroidered with gold and coloured foils, are the newest article to be seen in the fashionable circle. The Henry the Eighth hat of black velvet, two white feathers placed in front, is extremely elegant. A black silk slipper embroidered in gold, or coloured foils, with a rosette and tassels. White gloves and fan diamonds are universally worn, mounted *à l'antique*.

MONTHLY AGRICULTURAL REPORT,

FOR FEBRUARY, 1810.

Very different to the beginning of our last report is this for the month of February. Instead of that extraordinary mild temperature, with which the year was ushered in, that more natural, more salubrious, and to the farmer, more advantageous, has been experienced. The frosts have incrustated the ground with the greatest severity, and there has been sufficient snow to cover the surface of the land to a beneficial depth. With the exception of manuring lands, and carrying out of the par yards straw muck for compost, no great progress has been made in husbandry; except when draining implements could be set to work. The accounts of the young wheats are favourable from Warwickshire, Wiltshire, Yorkshire, Essex, Sussex, and Suffolk; in Kent, the early planted grain looks the most healthy, but that which was the latest deposited, and especially what came from France, looks sickly and thin: relative to the latter, it is most probable that the seed was hurt in its passage, injuring, by heat, the vegetative quality. In Norfolk also, there are some complaints, arising from the severity of the frost; but these are so partial, as not to affect the general growth even of a district in the county. As to fallows, and preparing lands for spring corn, it is only to be observed of the former, that every opportunity has been embraced, to get them in as good order as possible; and of the latter, but little progress can have been made. The very great and sudden changes in the weather, have much damaged the turnip crop, and more particularly so in Lincolnshire, the North Riding of Yorkshire, Suffolk, and Norfolk; the bell and the pudding turnip have suffered most, while the yellow Scotch and Swede, have remained sound; this great diminution of the crop, has occasioned a vast quantity of fattening stock to be sent to market, which ought to have been longer in the possession of the grazier, who now must be compelled to a very early consumption of his hay stacks, and be at considerable expence in the purchase of *artificial* food for those beasts which are intended to be made deserving the attention of the butcher. Beef of a prime quality, either in the London or country markets, continues to be worth 10s. per stone (of 14 lbs); and good mutton is readily sold at from 8d. to 9d. per lb. Lean beasts remain very scarce and dear, not being purchased for less than 7s. per stone: in Yorkshire, 20 oxen were sold at £30 per head, having fed only on straw, and many others have bought a profit of £5 each, from such food brought in at Martinmas. In Derbyshire, although the cattle shews have been well supplied, yet the demand has been unexampled; and indeed, the same remark may be said to be applicable to every part of the kingdom. In Warwickshire, there are heavy complaints of the rot in sheep: in Sussex, the lambs from the Dorset ewes, are very healthy, and they have a tolerable supply of turnips and coleworts: in Yorkshire, the feeders of sheep have paid great attention to them on the enclosed parts, but in the bleaker situations, it has been difficult to procure food, from the extreme severity of the season, and from alternate frosts, snows, and thaws, the folds have been in bad condition for the sheep to lie in. From Norfolk, a considerable quantity have been driven to Smithfield, and the markets, on an average, have been good. In Lincolnshire, the coleworts have been much injured, which renders keeping for the sheep difficult to obtain. At Wakefield cattle market, January 31, there were 4,500 sheep offered for sale. Fine wools remain stationary, nor does there appear any probability of any material change in price. Horses worthy of notice, rise in value: in Derbyshire, one black waggon

horse, and by no means a perfect one, fetched sixty guineas: at Dyr last month, good horses were purchased with the greatest avidity: in Norfolk, they have eagerly been bought up at great sums: at Stamford fair, February 5, yearling black colts readily sold at from £40 to £50 each; and there was the most rapid sale ever known, for all such horses as were of a superior kind for riding or carting. Notwithstanding the very large importation of foreign wheats, little or no alteration has occurred in the price of this grain, except in Kent, where it is somewhat cheaper on account of the quantity there landed, but this is said to be very light, especially what comes from France, not weighing more than from 52 to 55 lbs. per bushel. Prime samples of barley remain tolerable steady, but the quantity of the inferior kind is much the largest, and very dull of sale. From Wiltshire it is stated that the barley markets have been uncommonly full, and of a very inferior quality, but those in the neighbouring county of Dorset are said to work much better, and which will render those of Wilts of less worth. In Derbyshire while the canals were frozen, the best samples of barley were more saleable, but those of a worse kind were totally rejected by the maltsters. In Lincolnshire the beginning of this month, many samples could not be sold at any price, and in Norfolk, the great barley county, the sales for such have been slowly effected, at a very little money; oats and beans remain pretty steady. Every month we find some improvement to record in the Agricultural system, improvements which indisputably have been elicited by the formation of societies, which have offered such liberal premiums to the industrious and ingenious part of the community. In the Highlands of Scotland rewards have been given for communications on the *smut* in wheat; the causes of the disease in that plant and the method of preventing it. For an essay on the best method of stapling wool, and the most eligible plan of stapling wool generally in Scotland. For an essay on the best mode of planting and managing woods and plantations. For an improvement of a valuable thrashing machine, and for erecting mills to card and spin wool, also for bringing into tillage a considerable extent of barren and mossy land. In Wiltshire subscriptions have been opened to relieve the industrious poor, by selling to them at reduced prices coals, corn, &c. &c. At Norwich, Joseph Gurney, Esq. for the same benevolent purpose, and to give away, has purchased one hundred chaldron of coals, besides being constantly adding to this necessary, various articles of sustenance, which are daily bestowed on numerous applicants. Remarks on the prohibition of grain being used for the distilleries, and the particulars of the meeting of the Norfolk Agricultural Society at Lynn on the 20th instant, will be given in our next number.

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The following is the conclusion of our Agricultural Report for January, which want of room obliged us to leave out.

Smithfield Shew.—The Devonshire heifer, 3 years old, called a *fat loss*, was sold for 100 guineas; she is remarkably small, with the greatest weight, for the smallness of bone, ever seen. Mr. Boys, at Smithfield market, exhibited 3 Kent wethers, *superior* to any produced at the shew; dead weight of No. 1, 22 stones 4 lbs., loose fat 17 lbs.; of No. 2, 20 stones 6 lbs., loose fat 10 lbs.; of No. 3, exactly 20 stones, loose fat 23 lbs.; some of the haunches were sold at 3 guineas each. Mr. James Bennet shewed a turnip and clover drill, on a very simple and ingenious construction. Two hundred members of the club, dined together on the Monday, in Freemasons' Hall; His Grace the Duke of Bedford in the chair. The Marquis of Tavistock, Earl Talbot, Lord Bradford, the Hon. Thomas Bowes, Rev. Robert Harrison, Rev. Joseph Martin, George Caswell, Richard Norris, Charles Hamilton, Edmund Francis Welles, J. H. Johnston, Stephen Eaton, and Richard Astley, junior, Esquires, were elected members of the club. The healths of those distinguished agriculturists, the Duke of Bedford, Earl Thanet, Earl Macclesfield, Earl Winchelsea, Lord Somerville, Sir John Sinclair, Sir Joseph Banks, Sir John Sebright, Mr. Coke, and Mr. Wes-

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

tern, were drank with great applause; it was agreed, to offer a new premium for 2 year old Merino fat wethers. At Ashford, about the same time as the Smithfield shew, there were exhibited, ten beautiful and fine two yearling wether sheep, of the true Romney Marsh breed, fed only on grass and hay, bred and fed by Mr. Wall of Ashford; for symmetry, fatness, and excellence of fleece, they were confirmed by the best judges, to be equal, if not superior, to any pen of the same number in the United Kingdom. At Morpeth, at Wakefield, at Bristol, at Southall, and other markets, there has been a larger demand for fat beef, with smaller supplies, than in the preceding months; and consequently the prices have been on the advance; fat mutton appears to be more plentiful. At Warwick and Rugby fairs, at Bristol, at Norwich, and other markets, the buyers have not given more than from 7*d.* to 7½*d.*, or at most 8*d.* per lb.; but of *store* sheep, there have been some partial and unpleasant accounts; in Derbyshire, several have rotted, and the Hogget lambs, in many flocks have died, and great loss has been the result of dressing with *mercurial* preparation; and in Warwickshire, in low situations on a thin turf, they have died of the *dry rot*, and on moist lands, in other districts, similar complaints are heard. *Fine* wools, so far from declining in value, appear to be *advancing*; South Down, in several parts of the kingdom, has lately been sold at 3s. 9d. per lb. A Kentish grazier, a short time ago, sold 300 fleeces at that price, and, in Sussex, it was selling at 3s. 6d. Norfolk is worth full as much as the South Down.—At a late meeting of the Bath and West of England society, the premium for the best superfine cloth, was given to that made of wool of *British* growth, notwithstanding *picked* samples of the best Spanish and Saxon wool were selected for competition. A pen of Dr. Parry's Anglo-Merino Sheep, highly improved since the last exhibition, claimed general admiration and obtained a premium. Store hogs have been as dear as ever remembered, selling, at the different markets, for 1s. per lb. weighed *alive*, and fat pork has been, and continues, excessively high in price: veal, in some places, has fetched from 1s. 3d. to 1s. 6d. per lb. Horses are very scarce, and fetch more money, than has been ever known, especially good ones, and such as are fit for military. The Kircudbright agricultural society has distributed prizes to the best ploughmen, for which there were 38 competitors; and the Holderness society held their quarterly meeting on the 30th of December, when the two following important questions were discussed: First, the value of straw, for sale or manure, and the effect of stubble before and after ploughing?—2d, Whether it is the best husbandry to *mow* or *shear* white corn? There was a difference of opinion with the society, but the majority were in favour of *shearing*.—At Mothersall Heath, a lot of land was lately sold at 93 guineas per acre. Near Norwich 3½ acres fetched £400, and, at Ipswich, for a piece of ground, measuring *less* than an acre, £710 was given, at a public auction. An oak tree, now standing in Newbury Park, admeasures 25 tons, or 8,000 solid feet, and is estimated to be worth 250 guineas. There has been a meeting of the proprietors of the Kennet and Avon Canal, when, in addition to £206,000, £100,000 were subscribed, to effect a junction between the Kennet and Avon, and Basingstoke canal, and also £100,000 towards extending the Kennet and Avon to Bristol, and £36,000 for making docks at Newport, which latter subscription now exceeds £50,000.—There was more rain fell in the month of December, by *double* the quantity, than has been known, for ten years past, (one season excepted) amounting to more than six inches in depth.—In the quarterly list of new publications, we notice: "Facts and Observations, relative to Sheep and Wool, Ploughs, Oxen, and other Subjects of Agriculture: by the Right Hon. Lord Somerville." Also, "A Treatise on the Diseases and Management of Sheep, with introductory Remarks on their anatomical Structure, and an Appendix containing Documents, exhibiting the Value of the *Merino* Breed, and their Progress in Scotland. By Sir G. Stewart Mackenzie, Bart." Likewise, "A Treatise on the Corn Trade, and Agriculture. By B. D. Parquot.

REPORT OF DISEASES

IN THE PRACTICE OF A PHYSICIAN TO A PUBLIC MEDICAL INSTITUTION, FROM THE 20TH OF JANUARY TO THE 20TH OF FEBRUARY 1810.

ACUTE DISEASES.

Cynanche Parotidea	1
——— Tonsillaris	2
Catarrhus	12
Pneumonia	2
Rheumatismus Acutus	4
Variola	2
Cholera Morbus	1
Enteritis	1
Tertianus	1
Morbi Infantiles	8

CHRONIC DISEASES.

Tussis cum Dyspnœa	64
Bronchitis Asthemia	5
Pleurodyne	3
Hæmoptoe	2
Phthisis Pulmonalis	6
Scrofula	2
Marasmus	1
Asthenia	9
Cephalalgia	4
Mania	1
Ascites	3
Anasarca	2
Gastrodynia	2
Enterodynia	4
Rheumatismus Chronicus	6
Lumbago	5
Epilepsia	1
Paralysis	2
Dyspepsia	6
Diarrhœa	5
Hæmatemesis	2
Dysenteria	3
Kabies	2
Porrigo	1
Menorrhagia	2
Amanorrhœa	5

Pulmonary complaints at present prevail to a great degree; they exist in every form, from simple cough, to the more aggravated species of pneumonia. A few cases of inflammatory sore throat have occurred; and acute rheumatism has attacked several patients with considerable severity. These complaints are chiefly produced by the state of the atmosphere operating upon a constitution prepared and predisposed to disease by other concurring causes. Independently of the ordinary modes of treatment, strict attention should be paid to regulate the temperature of the chamber in which the sick person is confined: the beneficial effects of this upon consumptive patients in particular, are striking, and in some instances even have effected the cure of this malady, which in general resists every remedy. In measles, also, by reducing or augmenting the temperature of the chamber, we have it in our power, to lessen the violence of the fever; and to prevent the bad consequences which often ensue in delicate habits, and especially in those who are consumptively disposed.

BLACKHEATH, a Poem, in five Cantos. LUMENA, or the *Ancient British Battle*: and various other Poems; including a Translation of the first Book of the ARGONAUTICA of C. Valerius.

By THOMAS NOBLE.

A few copies of the *quarto* edition of the above volume remain to be disposed of, with the earliest impressions of the plates, at the price of £1. 11s 6d. On the publication of the *octavo* edition, which is now in preparation, the price of the remaining quartos will necessarily be increased.

Sold by Mr. Miller, Albemarle-street; Mr. Payne, Pall-mall; Mr. M'Kinlay, Strand; Mess. Scatchard and Letterman, Ave-maria-lane; Mr. Harris, St. Paul's Church-yard; and Mr. J. Richardson, Cornhill.

From the Reviews.

"We are induced to give a place of distinction to this volume, as well from the pleasing spirit of poetic feeling which characterizes the greater part of the contents, as from the tone of melancholy which is breathed throughout, and which seems to indicate severe disappointment, and to urge a claim to kindness and protection. The Poem on 'Blackheath' is in blank verse, and of the better kind. It is descriptive of the various scenes to be contemplated from that beautiful eminence; and many incidents are introduced, which enliven and embellish the composition. The following very vigorous passage, representing the worn-out Sailor of Greenwich Hospital, may serve as a specimen of this part of the work.—The Poem called 'Lumena,' is entitled to considerable praise: it is conceived and written with much energy. The Wife of an ancient British Chieftain is described as driving the chariot of her husband in battle, fighting by his side, and afterwards bringing back his dead body. Her lamentation, and subsequent death, are finely written."

British Critic, Sept. 1808.

"Mr. Noble's blank verse unites much of the strength of Akenside, with the simplicity of Thomson.—Commerce, agriculture, and various other national topics, unite to increase the interest of the Poem, as they necessarily suggest themselves to an elegant scholar and close observer of nature. In the powers of description Mr. Noble will be found to yield hardly to Thomson himself, or to Thomson alone. A group of Gypsies is excellently described (Canto V. 125). The simile in which the ruins of Sir Gregory Page's seat is compared to a noble youth, suddenly expiring, has never been surpassed. (Vide Canto I. 94.) The *wish*, in the second Canto, is expressed with elegance and sensibility. In the third Canto there are three personifications of commerce: they are drawn by the hand of a master; but we refrain from transcribing either of them, that we may leave room for a picture, novel in its kind, but exquisitely natural. It is that of a Greenwich pensioner, on One-tree-hill, observing the old weather beaten vessel, in which he had served, coming up the river to be broken up at Deptford Dock. (Vide Canto III. 272.) To say that the episodes in the fourth Canto possess much interest, would be speaking too coldly: the first is exquisitely pathetic, and the second is of that pleasing and natural description, which readily makes its way to the heart. On the whole, we are of opinion that the Poem of 'Blackheath' must rank very high among the productions of the British Muse. The Poem of 'Lumena' is animated: we regret that we have not room to present to our readers the song of the Bards, or the concluding lines describing the minstrelsy of Death around the cromlech."

Monthly Mirror, Oct. 1808.

"The idea (p. 68) of the Greenwich pensioner viewing the vessel in which he fought, coming home to be broke up, is well conceived and poetically expressed. The thought in the lines (p. 96), is expressed with elegance. There is delicacy in the comparison of a girl forgetting her own cares in her parents' sorrows, to a flower: and, indeed, the whole episode of Lacon is pleasing and interesting."

Critical Review, Oct. 1808.

"We do not often meet with a volume of poetry, on which we feel justified in bestowing so much commendation as the present. The first and principal composition in the book is in blank verse, and chiefly resembles the style and manner of Thompson. We contemplate the author in his ramble, and hear him describe the country through which he passes, together with the ideas of his own mind, and we will do him the justice to say, that under these circumstances, he is an elegant, well informed, and agreeable companion. As a specimen of his didactic powers we would quote the Address to Independence, at the opening of the 4th Canto: but his picture of the old sailor, watching the ship, in which he had served, coming up the river to be broke up at Deptford, will be more entertaining. It is very happily conceived; and in the execution of it the author does not, in our opinion, fall short of the best passages in Thomson. The episode of the ruined farmer in the fourth Canto, will be found equally well executed. 'Lumena,' the next Poem in the volume, although not so long nor so various as the first, is, in our judgment, greatly superior to it in poetical merit. The design appears to be well suited to Mr. Noble's powers, which qualify him we think, to excel more on subjects in which a vigorous and spirited mode of expression can be used, than on those in which tenderness and pathetic simplicity are required. *Lumena* is the the wife of Carwellyn, a chief of the Iceni; and according to the custom of the times, she goes to the field with her husband, who falls fighting by her side. The songs of the Bards, celebrating the warriors who die in battle, and of Lumena describing the glory and death of Carwellyn, with her own exertions, first to save him and afterwards to rescue his body from the enemy (which are well connected with passages of description and narration), form the principal topics of the Poem. It opens with Carwellyn's address to Lumena, and to his soldiers; and then follows a description of the battle, which we extract: we certainly meet with nothing better of the kind in the *Bard*, or in *Marmion*."

Monthly Review, Sept. 1809.